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G O M E Z

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E L E O N O R A.

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G O M E Z
AND
ELEONORA:

TRANSLATED FROM A
SPANISH MANUSCRIPT.

*Insensés, qui vous plaignez sans cesse de la Nature,
apprenez que tous vos Maux viennent de vous !*

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N.

PRINTED FOR JAMES WALLIS, NO. 45, PATER-
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1798.

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P R E F A C E.

THE following history was communicated to the translator in manuscript, with permission to make what use of it he should think proper.

The meeting of Gomez and Eleonora, and their consequent attachment; Gomez's persecution by the tribunal of the inquisition; the original and im-

VOL. I. B passionate

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... their union; to
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The court of the inquisition was first introduced in Spain by Ferdinand, surnamed the Catholic, in 1478. The form of the process, of this tribunal, is infallible in the destruction of whomsoever the inquisitors please.

As the number of persons dispersed over the kingdom as spies and informers, and who are exempted from the jurisdiction of the tribunal, is computed at twenty thousand; and as the prisoners are not confronted with their accusers,



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As the number of persons dispersed over the kingdom, spies and informers are exempted from the jurisdiction of the tribunal, computed at twenty to one, as the prisoners are confronted with two or three

and any deposition is sufficient to criminate them ; as a public criminal, a child or a prostitute are sufficient evidence ; or as a son may inform against his father, or as a wife against her husband ; all mutual confidence is destroyed, and gravity and silence are become the characteristics of a nation, which ought to possess all the vivacity natural to so warm and fruitful a climate.

As Spain decreases in population, though it increases in the number of its clergy, who employ religion in subserviency to despotic power, which
abets

abets their imposture and their tyranny, in order to maintain its own arbitrary will, we may conjecture that it will be some time before philosophy can enlighten that nation and annihilate both civil and religious tyranny.



G O M E Z

A N D

E L E O N O R A.

UNDER the rich climate of Andalusia, not far from the straits where the ocean runs with impetuosity into the Mediterranean Sea, there is a little village called *Castel Vejo*, situated in a vast campaign-country, bounded towards the south by the sea, and towards the east by the horizon. On the north, bordered by a long chain of mountains and forests, which run along to the west, form a large amphitheatre,

phitheatre, and present to the eye a delightful prospect. Orchards, fields, meadows, and vineyards, scattered here and there, fill up the remaining expanse. At one mile southwards from the village, an old castle exhibits still some vestiges of its former grandeur, situated on the declivity of a hill, which seems to have been cut off from a chain of huge rocks by the *Guadiana*; which, after having long wantonly played in that beautiful spot, seems to quit it with reluctance, and tumbles into the sea with regret. The castle was formerly the residence of an old Spanish nobleman, who had resided thirty years in India.

Don Gomez de Alvarado was the name of the nobleman. Descended from an ancient family, he had inherited, with the riches of his ancestors, that pride which is the most distinguished trait of the Spanish character. Ambitious in his youth, he had distinguished himself in many military

litary 'expeditions, and, as usual, he had spent in the king's service the greatest part of his fortune, in the vain hope of increasing it. At length, after many hardships and much disappointment, he retired from the bustle of the world, to spend his old age quietly, in the domain of his forefathers, with his wife and two infant children. His estate was now much reduced, but he had enough to lead an independant life, and he was more happy in the possession of a beloved woman than he could have been with all the riches of Potosi. He passed his days in tranquil domestic happiness, and his family was increased by a third child.

Donna de Alvarado performed all the duties of a mother. Custom had not been able to stifle the imperscriptible laws of nature. As the two first were nursed on her knee, and fed at her bosom, though her health was impaired by a slow

wasting fever, she reared her new-born infant; but her tenderness was the cause of her death. Don Alvarado was very much affected when he found himself likely to be deprived of a woman whom he adored. He watched her in her illness with the affection of a lover, nor ever left her for a moment, except when weakness overcame the man: he then withdrew to his closet, and then in silence he pined with grief, and mourned in solitude.

One afternoon Donna de Alvarado had retired into her apartment to take the *fiesta*, according to the custom of southern countries: her husband went out on business. It was one of those fine summer days when all animated nature seems to breathe a new existence; the air was impregnated with the sweetest perfumes, no cloud obscured the sky, the whole country looked smilingly around. The beams of the setting sun skirted the hills
and

and tinged the tops of the trees. Alvarado was returning home indulging melancholy ideas, when, following the windings of a path which led to the house, he saw his wife in a bower interwoven with flowers giving her breast to her child: to him a moving scene! No language can paint the expression of their meeting eyes. An insensible tear trickled down the mother's cheeks, mixed itself with her milk, and was imbibed by the infant. Alvarado clasped her to his heart, and was speechless: they were all soul! No one had witnessed the scene without feeling internally conscious that happiness consists alone in virtue.

Shall I follow the progress of a disease which proved fatal to the most tender of women? No, I cannot: the picture of distress and the scene of woe would be much too painful: we will draw a curtain over them. Their effect makes too deep an impression on the susceptible and

feeling mind. The worthy mother dying, pressed to her breast the innocent object which had hastened her dissolution. Even at his birth Gomez was scourged by the rough hand of misfortune.

Alvarado was left a widower with two sons and one daughter. Don Juan, the eldest, was now ten years old; Antonietta not yet six; and Gomez, who had been born but a few months before, passed into the arms of a nurse. Alvarado was now deprived of all comfort; he learned by sad experience that we are always disappointed in our hopes and expectations when we place our happiness on something beyond ourselves. Bereft of all he loved, he gave himself up to his fate; deprived of all society, he cherished his melancholy reflections, and found no relief in his sorrow, but by indulging the luxury of grief. Sometimes deceived by the charms of his imagination, he contemplated his daughter's face, and thought that

that he read there the features of her mother: he yielded for a moment to such an enchanting illusion, but it soon vanished, and he remained absorbed in the deepest affliction.

The infant Gomez had like to have followed his mother to the grave, as if in that tender age he had foreboded the hardships which he encountered in the course of his life. Don Juan, whose temper was extremely violent, already discovered every talent necessary to distinguish him in the line which his father had followed with distinction and honour, though not with fortune's smile, and which he intended him to embrace. He would have insured himself much greater happiness had he struggled in his youth against his impetuosity, and contended with the storm of imperious passion. The lovely Antonietta improved in maiden beauty; and, with the care of a female relation, advanced every mental endowment,

dowment, and acquired every accomplishment which is an ornament to her sex.

The philosopher would contemplate with pleasure many puerile events of the age of infancy, which would be tedious to the reader, and which the historian must pass over in silence. Alvarado spent the greatest part of the day with his children: his only comfort was to be with them, to listen to their prattle, and to answer their innocent questions. In their walks, he trained them to exercise, and impregnated their breasts with the seeds of sensibility and virtue. He was not a man of literature, but he had an advantage which no science can bestow; Alvarado was a father! Six years had now elapsed, employed in parental tuition and domestic attention, when he sent his eldest son to join the regiment, which he had formerly commanded. Antonietta and Gomez remained at home with him.

Every

Every attention was paid to the education of the children, but drawing was their greatest delight. Their evenings were generally employed in making sketches of whatever they found and noticed in their walks. They had, in the course of the morning, found a bird's nest, with four young; and the anxiety of the parent, in feeding them from its bill, struck so forcibly on their imaginations, that they pictured every little incident; the grove of oranges and lemons, the trees, the arbours, and the rivulet; the birds, the nest, and the hen.

Gomez, though younger than his sister, shewed more apprehension and a better taste.* Born in one of the most beautiful

* It may create admiration and doubt to find children take to arts and sciences with avidity, and pursue them

beautiful spots in the world, near the Betis, which has been ever highly celebrated both in ancient and modern poetry;

them with pleasure and entertainment. But let it be remembered, that, under a warm climate, plants and animals arrive soon at maturity. In colder climates, they are more dilatory and progressive. In warm countries, the fibres of the brain are more irritable, and they both receive sooner and retain longer the impressions of external objects. Should it be necessary to bring particular instances to justify the general remark, the writers of the more meridian climates are striking examples. The early poetry of the southern writers is a strong proof of maturity of genius; and their versification at later periods teems with a glow of imagery, which is peculiar to them. The famous Lope de Vega made verses when he could scarcely speak his own language, and exchanged them with his play-fellows for images of the Virgin and other saints. Ariosto looked, and lived, like a madman. Many instances are on record of Tasso's and Sanazaro's sensibility, which made them subject to fits. The history of the greatest men is a history of human weakness. We do not sufficiently reflect how much our feelings, and the combination and appreciation of our ideas, which are derived from them, depend on the nature of the objects which early strike our senses, when they are first capable of susceptibility to be affected by them.

accustomed

accustomed from their most tender years to converse with the beauties of nature; the children had acquired that keen sensibility, which is the test of true genius, and to which the unfolding of physical and moral faculties gives only more refinement and greater energy. They performed several musical pieces before their father. Their uncle constantly remitted to them all the Italian publications from Madrid, which Antonietta practised, and among which she sung one with uncommon expression. When she had done, "Antonietta," said Alvarado, while she flew to his arms, "cultivate that delightful talent of moving and pleasing; and remember that any other is vain and indifferent," added he with a tender emotion; "I repeat only the lesson your mother endeavoured always to instil into you." — "Papa," answered Antonietta, "why does mamma's dear remembrance always awaken in you sad ideas. You have told me very often that I looked
 " like

"like her. When I see your eyes swim-
 "ming in tears, I feel I do not know
 "what within my breast, which pinches
 "my heart. For God's sake, papa, be
 "calm! Do not embitter every mo-
 "ment of your life with these melanco-
 "ly reflections. If mamma's soul could
 "speak to you, it would tell you not to
 "make yourself unhappy, but rather to
 "wait with comfort the moment that you
 "will again be united to her, never to
 "part again. Ah, it will come too
 "soon!" A flood of tears hur-
 ried down her cheeks and choked her
 utterance.

These infantile and tender upbraidings
 quite unmanned Alvarado. His feelings
 were beyond description. While the
 tears in secret stole down his face, his
 distress became alleviated. Gomez,
 glowing with filial affection, was affected
 by the scene, and shed tears from sympa-
 thy. The delightful silence which fol-
 lowed

lowed was not interrupted till Alvarado broke gently from his little girl's soft embrace, and retired to his apartment.

In a few days, Gomez and Antonietta returned to the grove. Gomez embraced his sister's slender shape with his right arm, and she leaned negligently her left hand on his shoulder. They followed the path which led to the nest, and arrived at the place, where it still hung on the boughs of a pomegranate-tree. — “ Ah,” exclaimed Antonietta, “ they are gone, they are gone !” — “ Where ?” — “ I cannot tell ; perhaps here-about in the fields, or on the top of the mountains, or beyond them perhaps.” — “ But why did they not stay here ? We had done them no harm ; we would have given them food every day ; they would have been here much better than they can be any where else.” — “ Are their parents gone with them ?” — “ I do not know,

“ know, indeed ; but I believe that they
“ will come back again. They must like
“ the place where they were born better
“ than any other. Do you remember
“ what papa has told us very often, that
“ he liked his native country only since
“ he had travelled ; and that a man must
“ have seen the world before he can taste
“ the quiet joys of a solitary life. It is
“ perhaps with birds as with men.” — “ O
“ yes, sister, it is very true.” — “ When
“ you shall have travelled, you will
“ know it better. That is the reason
“ why papa asked you the other day at
“ dinner, whether you should like to go
“ abroad ; and was very much pleased
“ when you told him yes. For my part,
“ I am very sorry with the thought of
“ your leaving me. When you are ab-
“ sent from me, I shall think the time
“ very, very long without you ; but you
“ will not think so. While here every
“ object will recall sad remembrances to
“ my mind, your’s will be constantly
“ entertained

“ entertained with new ideas, and perhaps you will forget your dear Antonietta.” — “ No, I shall never forget my dear Antonietta. I would rather die than forget her.” — “ And so would I, rather than have an ungrateful brother.” Their innocence and their affections made them look wistfully at each other, and they seemed to converse with their looks more than language can express.

Such was the friendship which united these two lovely children, such their conversation, and such were their lively feelings. The young and tender mind loves every thing that is amiable from an unperceived instructive impulse, long before the senses acquire a consciousness of their power. It is a fact pretty generally assented to, that we think more in old age than in youth; and it is equally true that we feel much less; and thus, by the insensible degrees of an inverse progression,

we

we lose in feelings as much as we gain in reflection. A wretched alternative!

Gomez was now twelve years old. He possessed in a superior degree the knowledge of the two arts, the most common, and generally the least known, because their first principles, which must be drawn from nature, are not studied; I mean, painting and music.

It was the object of his father's attention to avoid the usual mode of education, which is too much pursued, of filling the heads of children with words, as if to check their understanding, by making them believe what they are incapable of comprehending. Strengthened by constant bodily exercise, by temperance, by the free use of his intellectual faculties, he had in him the germ of no passion, of no prejudice; the air which he breathed was not tainted with the poisonous influence of superstition; and such
was

was the happy mixture of the elements which formed his temper, such was his sensibility, from which our happiness or misery generally depend, and the harmony which reigned between all the parts of his being, that art could scarcely be reckoned to have added any thing to the gifts with which nature had endowed him.

Don Alvarado found in his children that prop which is so necessary to rest age on in the decline of life. But an unexpected event opened the wound, which had hardly closed, since his separation from the partner of his heart : he received news of the death of his eldest son.

This young man, who was of the most inflammable complexion, had fallen in love with the wife of one of his friends, and was not able to struggle against the domineering influence of the deceiving passion. He had languished six months
in

in all the agony of love, when an unfortunate event was the forerunner of his fate. He was invited to dine at his friend's; he had not power nor inclination to refuse the invitation; he went! — He saw the woman whom he adored, and forgot for a moment the name of virtue, the principles of honour, the duties of friendship, and the laws of society. Yet sometimes, while he imbibed the maddening draughts of beauty, the idea of betraying his friend came across him, and made him a prey to the most exquisite tortures. Unhappy young man! what were your sensations when you beheld the loved countenance, and where were the ties of friendship, when those eyes, which shot their soft contagion to your soul, told you, in pity told you, they perceived your affections, that she was not insensible to them. A short delirium seized him, — he trembled, — contrary passions urged his retreat, yet love prompted him forward.

After

After dinner they went to the play. Don Juan sat in silent admiration of the beauty of the woman who possessed his affections. The play ended, "Juan," said his friend, "you will see my wife home; I will join you in a short time, as I wish to finish a conversation that I am now engaged in." On hearing this, Juan was much agitated. He answered a few incoherent syllables, handed the lady to her carriage, and placed himself at her side. The silence that ensued was now and then broken by their sighs. On a sudden, Don Juan started up; despair was in his deportment and distraction in his aspect. He threw himself at her feet in the attitude of a suppliant; he clasped her knees with his face lifted to hers; he implored pity, pardon, and forgiveness; seized her hand; bade her adieu; pressed her to his heart; — and killed himself. — Don Alvarado was not made acquainted with any of these circumstances.

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cumstances. The letter which he received informed him, that Don Juan had been taken away suddenly by a bad fever, without giving him any farther detail of his disease.

This dismal news produced a great change in Gomez's occupations. Now destined to supply his brother's place, he left the soft arts of music and painting in order to give himself up to the more serious study of history and mathematics. His father, who had now but him left to keep up the family name and honour, redoubled his attention in the care of his education, and experienced a pleasure in the new duties which he imposed on himself; a relief to his sorrows, by leaving no moments unemployed, which otherwise would have been spent in the melancholy, though unavailing, reflection of his misfortunes. He had from great experience attained a thorough knowledge of the world, and that knowledge that he had of it was
founded

founded on facts, which, by analogy, he wisely preferred in every science to vain and futile theories. Gomez could not have had a better tutor.

He had now gone through a regular course of study, when his uncle wrote word that he should come to *Castel Vejo* in a few days to take his nephew with him to Cadiz, whence he intended to embark for Italy. The juvenile ideas of Gomez were now all on float, and his imagination swam in delight. Sleeping or waking, Italy was his only thought: his imagination teemed with pleasure on the thought that he should walk shortly on classic ground, while he contemplated all that ancient or modern art had accomplished and brought to perfection. Gomez had no rest, he was so intoxicated with hope; and, though he doated on his father and sister, whom to leave was only bitter to him, yet all his anxiety on that

subject was overbalanced by his wish to go abroad.

The day of Alvarado's brother's arrival approached: Gomez spent almost his whole time with his sister. In this friendly intercourse, their overflowing hearts deposited in each other's bosom the abundance of their feelings, and indulged the free impulse of their mutual affection. Sometimes Antonietta was obliged to comfort the manly Gomez, and he, in his turn, dried the tears of the amiable Antonietta, his lovely sister. They frequently remained speechless in the arms of each other, and Antonietta was always much affected. "Brother," said she, "I shall soon lose you, I shall not see you any more: while you are travelling round the world, I am compelled to remain here. Cruel necessity! why were we formed of the same clay? why were we animated with the same spirit to live far from one another? I should

“ should wish no other happiness than
 “ that which had attended the days of
 “ our childhood. Ah! now I am to be
 “ pitied, when every object will recall
 “ you to my memory; while you, per-
 “ haps . . . ” her little heart was so full
 she could utter no more; her tears re-
 lieved her. — Let prudes or biggots be
 alarmed in reading of the affections of in-
 fants of different sexes, or that they should
 shew the natural propensity of their fond
 hearts: an insight into some families af-
 fords them all the satisfaction that their ma-
 lice can wish for. These memoirs are ad-
 dressed to those whose sensibility can ap-
 preciate the value of the mild and gene-
 rous mind, while the object is not a being
 of indifference. Pure air has an intimate
 affinity with fire, it adheres to it in-
 vincibly, mixes with it, and produces
 wonders.

In the evening of the day on which
 Alvarado expected his brother, he went

into his daughter's room. He perceived her face was much altered, her eyes were swollen and red, and shewed she had been crying, and her whole countenance betrayed her secret sorrow: a piece of work laid on her lap. Alvarado looked at it, and admired both the design and execution: it was a pair of ruffles which she designed for her brother, before his departure: she had represented, with exquisite skill, a cottage, a tree, two birds, and a butterfly which was fluttering about some flowers, and the whole was both designed and executed with an elegance of taste and a superiority of judgement which marked the accomplished Antonietta. Her book lay open on the table before her: Alvarado took it up, and found the following sentence sublineated with her pencil, *Yo espero en los piadosos cielos que algun Dia ba, de reducir a vofiego mi defafofiego.* — “ I “ hope that the all-merciful God will “ calm the pangs of my heart.” He perceived

perceived the page was wet; he looked at his daughter, who turned away her streaming eyes and went to the window to hide her confusion.

It was a beautiful evening; the setting sun projected his golden beams over the whole horizon; a perfumed atmosphere invited them to walk, while the pure thin air disposed the heart to the sweetest sensations. "Look, papa," said Antonietta, with an assumed gaiety, while she raised the blinds, "what charming weather! shall we go and take a walk to the top of the hill? it is not likely that there will be any storm." Alvarado smiled on his little darling girl; she took hold of his hand, kissed it, and they went out.

As they passed by Gomez' apartments, they went in and found him colouring some drawings. There were several views which he had taken near the house, and

which he intended to hang in his sister's room privately before his journey. Foiled partly of his intent, and disappointed in his expectation of the surprise it would have created, he was much displeased to have been broken in upon; he would not permit either his father or sister to look at them; and, after many little altercations, they went out together hand in hand to the hill.

While they walked, Alvarado admired the promised beauty, as yet in the bud, of his daughter, but more the progressive unfolding of her moral qualifications. In the midst of this reverie, his son came into his mind and raised in him thoughts of a different nature, though not less pleasing nor less engaging. He thought him the prop of his old age and the heir of his name. His enterprising, bold, and manly conduct formed a contrast with the timid modesty, the unconscious look, of his sister. An impetuosity and impatience
appeared

appeared in all his words and actions, his language was not quick enough for the hurry of his ideas, his generous mind beamed in his looks; a dignity was in his countenance, and an elegance in his gesture. Alvarado was proud of his children, and would have been happy if he could have recalled his passed days.

Arrived at the top of the hill, the most solemn scene unfolded itself to their ravished eyes. The immense expanse of the ocean seemed to blend itself with the azured horizon; the atmosphere was impregnated with the sweetest perfumes; every thing, above, around, and beneath them, seemed to breathe enchantment to their ravished senses.

After they had remained a few moments in a kind of silent ecstasy, which was a much greater degree of homage to the Divinity, looking through his works up to nature's God, than the

coarse incense which is burned on his
 altars, "Dear children," said Alvarado,
 taking the hands of his children, who
 were standing at his side, "you see an
 " abridged picture of the whole uni-
 " verse, of the most striking, of the
 " most wonderful, of the most sublime,
 " works of nature. What man has at-
 " tempted, as an addition, demonstrates
 " his pride, his presumption, and his
 " weakness. How moving is the scene
 " before us! How it traverses the heart!
 " It seems to say, that the most stu-
 " pendous fabrics are transient. Those
 " rocks, which bar the Guadiana River,
 " raised formerly their heads to the
 " clouds: you perceive still, on the side
 " of yonder mountains, the impression
 " which the sea has made upon them,
 " when it covered that barren ground
 " which now lies between it and them.
 " These fields, which but three months
 " ago were covered with verdure, are
 " now covered with a golden harvest:
 " the

“ the sun, the great source of life and
 “ light, who a few hours since rode su-
 “ blime over our heads, is now scarcely
 “ perceptible on the farthest verge of the
 “ horizon, and leaves this world to dark-
 “ ness. Dear comforts of my declining
 “ years, it is not long since you lisped
 “ in faltering accents the syllables of your
 “ father’s name, when with slow uncer-
 “ tain steps you tottered to his arms to
 “ receive his caresses, or climbing his
 “ knees, or hanging at your mother’s
 “ breast. . . . Distracting thought !” —
 “ Why do you make yourself so unhap-
 “ py by this sad remembrance ?” inter-
 rupted Antonietta, when she saw the
 tears in his eyes. — “ Do not attempt to
 “ deprive me, my dear child, of one of
 “ the sweetest illusions which can make
 “ life supportable to me. You are the
 “ image of her who merited all my af-
 “ fection. You know the relief I feel
 “ in giving way to my feelings ; and,
 “ whenever in my arms, it is with diffi-

“ culty I restrain myself; my heart feels
“ much, my Antonietta, and I have in-
“ finite relief in giving vent to this luxu-
“ ry of woe: nor am I insensible to your
“ delicate sensations; when I press you to
“ me, I feel your tender heart beat a-
“ gainst my breast, and then I seem to
“ have got rid of a load that seemed to
“ hang over me. Alas! it is this: —
“ the moment that your mother
“ her last words spoke of you, and re-
“ commended you to my protection:
“ She could bequeath nothing more dear
“ to me, no stronger tie on me, no
“ greater injunction. *My children!* were
“ her last words. — Amiable woman!
“ every thing that was exemplary, every
“ virtuous action, was the motive of her
“ conduct. — An unexampled wife. —
“ A fond mother. — Gomez, she fed
“ you at her bosom. — It was, perhaps,
“ that generous effort that was the cause
“ of her dissolution: though in a weak
“ and languishing state, she could not be
“ prevailed

“ prevailed to part with you. Hardly
“ recovered from a violent fit of illness,
“ which had deprived her at times of her
“ senses, ‘ Where is my son ?’ she said,
“ with a low and feeble voice which could
“ scarcely be understood ; ‘ Give me my
“ child :’ and when she perceived that
“ the assistance of a nurse had been
“ deemed necessary, the tears fell from
“ her pale face, which were so many
“ daggers to my distracted heart. The
“ next night she started from her sleep
“ and called for her child. You were
“ brought to her, as a refusal in the con-
“ dition she was might have increased her
“ complaint. What followed was not
“ difficult to have prognosticated : she
“ summoned up all her strength to em-
“ brace her boy, who grappled his busy
“ little hands with avidity around her,
“ till he was placed at her breast. She
“ appeared better, a gleam of pleasure
“ seemed to enliven her countenance :
“ but it was but for a moment : while
“ you,

“ you, Gomez, drew life from her, the
 “ same cause certainly hastened her dis-
 “ solution : — she would not part with
 “ her infant, and died holding you
 “ in her arms.” Gomez condemned
 himself as the cause, was overcome by
 the narrative, and burst into tears. An-
 tonietta’s emotion was hardly less affect-
 ing. When they had indulged some time
 the irresistible impulse of nature and of
 filial affection, “ My dear children,” said
 Alvarado, “ come, dry your eyes, your
 “ tears are displeasing to me, though
 “ they are the proof of the most refined
 “ sensibility ; soft as the fostering dew
 “ of the spring, my lovely little ones !
 “ They are the silent expression of every
 “ tenderness.* Thank God ! who en-
 “ dowed

* It is still a problem among moralists, whether sen-
 sibility is not a baneful gift of nature. Like learning,
 whoever has a little wishes to get more, and no one who
 possesses sensibility to its greatest degree would dispense
 with one atom of what he already possesses. We are hap-

"dowed you with such sensible hearts.
 "It is this distinguished mark that characterizes man from the brute creation.
 "Gomez," continued he, "you are
 "soon to launch out on the great ocean
 "of the world: beware of your sensibility, beware of your frankness; like
 "precious essences, they must be used
 "with the greatest care and moderation.
 "But we must return to receive your
 "uncle: nobody is more fit than he to
 "lead you through the mazes of social
 "life. Yet, after all the knowledge and
 "theoretic experience you may be made
 "acquainted with, you will only be convinced ultimately by your own experience and reflection. In seeing and

py or miserable in proportion to the manner that exterior objects strike our senses; and that our ideas are in harmony or dissonance with them. This reflection recalls to my mind two verses of Danti, which are highly apposite.

Quanto la cosa e piu perfetta,
 Piu senti il bene, e cosi la doglianza.

"dealing

“ dealing with mankind, you will learn
 “ how to become a man. . . . My dear
 “ girl,” turning to Antonietta, who listened to her father with the utmost attention, “ you have no need to be made
 “ acquainted with all these trifles, you
 “ will know enough : do but continue to
 “ be as you are. — You will stay with
 “ me. — You will not leave me, Antonietta. — No ; you will endeavour to
 “ help me to support your brother’s absence, and will certainly add vigour to
 “ my evanescent years.”

In returning home, Alvarado made many wise reflections on the wonders of nature, on the successive unfolding and reproduction of plants and animals, on the variety and cause of colours with which the world is embellished, on the sun’s influence over the whole creation, on the general system of the universe. Every word conveyed to his children’s minds the charms of the sweetest persuasion.

sion. All nature seemed to have taken another face; for, their eyes acquired a new optic. A plant, an insect, now drew their attention; and they admired the smallest and most minute productions of the all-wise Creator equally with those of the utmost magnitude.

Gomez, while he considered this conversation, looked for the finest flowers, with which the whole country was enamelled, in order to examine them with attention, and as copies to draw from. He found a chrysalis: he thought at first that it was a jewel, and was much surprised when his father told him it was an insect, which waited, till the air had evaporated which stuck it to the ground, to leave its outer coat, and shine with soaring wings over the face of the earth. "How wonderful!" said Gomez. "Nature seems wonderful in all her works: thus, in her constant, but imperceptible, course, she forms, with

" 2

“ a few elements, those objects which
 “ attract most our admiration. This in-
 “ sect is like a man, who, after having
 “ long lived in retirement, appears in
 “ the world, where, like a flower too,
 “ he breathes fragrance, by dealing out
 “ his learning, and soars, like the insect,
 “ through the whole extent of the uni-
 “ verse, with the wings of his ge-
 “ nius.”

He was going on his mixed meta-
 phorical similes, seemingly above his
 years, when their attention was directed
 to some cries that seemed to proceed
 from distress. They listened: the noise
 continued. Gomez flew like a bird to
 the place whence it proceeded; his fa-
 ther and sister followed him. A wretch-
 ed spectacle! a boy, stretched on the
 bank of the river, was rending the air
 with his cries, and begging assistance for
 his sister who was drowned. Gomez
 perceived a part of her dress floating
 on

on the surface, plunged into the water, and dragged her, apparently lifeless, to the shore. When Alvarado and Antomietta arrived, he was attempting to bring her to her senses. They helped Gomez to carry her to the nearest house, where she was laid immediately in warm ashes, and recovered without farther assistance.

It was dark when they returned home. A carriage, at that time of the evening, led Alvarado to conjecture that his brother had arrived. The cause of their detention was a sufficient apology for Alvarado not being at home to receive him. Gomez heard with anxiety the eulogium which his uncle made of his courage and his humanity. They seated themselves to supper.

The cloth was not removed before a servant brought word, that some countrymen desired to be admitted. They
were

were let in. This was a deputation of the four most respectable old men of the village, who came to compliment and thank their lord in a very sensible speech, which one of them delivered. There were no studied expressions; all was plain, and came from the heart. When he had finished, four young girls presented themselves, with baskets of flowers and fruit. They laid the fruit on the table, and presented a nosegay to every one. The youngest gave one to Alvarado, and the most handsome to Antonietta. One of the old men began to express his gratitude to Gomez for having saved the life of his grand-daughter, but the modesty of Gomez shrunk from the panegyric, and prevented him going on.

This was a happy night. Alvarado appeared surprised that his vassals had entreated no favour from him; and declared at the same time that he had intended

tended to have granted any thing they should have asked. But the old man told Alvarado, that all the favour that they meant to ask, was not from their lord, but from heaven; to where they lifted their hands and hearts every day, and prayed to God to prolong his days, and to preserve his son.

In the mean time, Antonietta left the room for a few moments, and returned with a variety of small presents, which she dropped into the baskets of the several young women. Alvarado's brother could hardly believe to the contrary, but that such an entertainment had been previously meditated for his arrival. The fact is, that the country-people had intended thus to pay their homage to their lord, and had taken that opportunity. They went away quite happy. Alvarado's brother asked his nephew if he was not delighted with the thought of going to Italy; and, on his answering in the affirmative,

affirmative, he said he purposed setting off on the day after the morrow. The two young people were much surprised with the intention of their uncle to depart so suddenly; but Alvarado, who was acquainted with the impatience and restless temper of his brother, took care to make such general objections only, that could not possibly displease him.

The next day, Antonietta was very low and melancholy; and at dinner every one read in her countenance the sad oppression that sat so heavy at her heart. In the evening, her uncle desired her to favour him with something at the harpsichord; to accompany herself; but she could not sing. She tried a prelude, but imagined her fingers could not move as usual, and that they were unwilling to express affections which were at dissonance with those within. At length she began a *largo*, but with so fullen and lugubre an expression that her uncle soon prevented

prevented her proceeding. She played an air less dull; the accent of her grief breathed through every note, and sighed in every pause. Gomez, who sat in a corner of the room, and observed her reflected image in a looking-glass, felt every emotion, and sympathized in all her distress. He took his pencil from his pocket, and made a sketch of her lovely person in this interesting dear moment.

“Come, Gomez,” said his uncle, “and sing a duet with your sister.” They sung that famous composition of Cimarosa, which is perhaps the masterpiece of the Italian stage:

Ne' giorni tuoi felici,
Ricordati di me, &c.

If expression is alone capable of producing any effect in a musical performance, this was executed with the utmost perfection. Their feelings were in such
exquisite

exquisite unison with the words, and the music so happily adapted to them, that Alvarado and his brother were both melted into tears. They had no sooner finished than they felt its powerful effect with redoubled force. They looked fondly on each other; and their eyes, like the limpid stream which reflects the landscape, told each other the reciprocal emotions of their hearts.

Gomez had a restless night. His dreams painted in glowing colours on his imagination the mimic scenes of his childish amusements. He remembered in his fancy all the innocent entertainments which had at first opened his senses to the irresistible charm of pleasing sensations, and which were now lost for ever; gone; to give place to studies, which, though useful to the understanding, are not essentially necessary to happiness. In his waking meditations, he justly appreciated the advantages that were to be
derived

derived from foreign travel; but his heart was not persuaded though his reason was convinced. He sensibly felt what he had to lose in quitting his native country, and could not so far estimate the acquisitions he had to make in the world. The giving way to these ideas, and the thought of quitting those whom he so much loved, was an uncommon source of uneasiness to him.

For the first time in his life, the dawn of day was painful to him. He rose and went to his sister's apartments. Sleep, that nurse of nature, that balm to hurt minds, had fled her couch; nor had she closed her eyes, which were drowned in tears. No rest, all night long, had steeped her senses in forgetfulness; but the hated departure rode over her weary mind. He desired leave to be admitted. She started from her reverie, stretched out her arms to receive him, and pressed him fondly to her heart.

VOL. I.

D.

Moments.

Moments of rapture, you can only be felt!

The lapse of time was unperceived by our two young friends, till the breakfast-bell hurried them down stairs. Their sorrow increased. They yielded a moment to the powerful effect of their sensibility. Their hearts disburdened themselves through their eyes, and they descended to the breakfast-room, where their uncle and father expected them.

Alvarado observed his children's sorrow, which spoke in all their features; but it was so laudable a weakness, that he did not attempt to repress it, but let it take vent. On the whole, he was probably pleased with it: it shewed such a proof of mutual affection; how high they stood in each other's opinion.

His brother made no remarks on his nephew nor his niece, but ate his breakfast

fast with an appetite, and complained that nobody kept him company. Gomez did his best to seem to eat, and endeavoured to smoothe his countenance, and to look as cheerful as possible, till the noise of the arrival of the carriage announced his departure, and at the same time quite unmanned him. His sister's distress was extreme: the tears ran from her eyes most pitifully. Gomez looked wildly round him; first at his father, and then at his sister; and a thousand dismal ideas preyed upon his imagination. He embraced his father for the last time; who, in spite of all the stoicism which he summoned, shed a tear on his farewell, and Gomez followed his uncle to the coach.

We will not follow him through his journey: such a task, though not unentertaining to a novelist, would be tedious to an historian. In general, he was much disappointed in what he saw;

and the most striking objects did not answer his expectation. His young imagination being previously warmed by the models of art, he was by no means gratified at Cadiz or at Naples. Unexperienced in the knowledge of mankind, and yet young in years, he was not able to calculate the effects of industry and government. In those two trading-towns, his ideas were not adequate to cause reflections on arts, manufactures, and the causes of the wealth of nations. He looked only for the finest pieces of sculpture, architecture, and painting: and, though surprised, yet, as he thought for himself, he thought he saw many originals that were beneath the copies: their beauties having been successively extolled, and their defects totally unconsidered and neglected. In the course of time, he found, that his observations were in general true, and that he had frequent opportunities of applying this last observation to men. At Naples, Florence, and Rome, he saw
and

and conversed with the most famous artists, and the most celebrated men in all the different branches of science. He was convinced, too, that among the artists, and also among those who were entrusted with the management of the public affairs, though highly famed, that there were many that did not possess the merit ascribed to them: and, while he admired their self-sufficiency, he lamented the want of true discernment in their admirers.

At Rome, he made it his particular object to make acquaintance with that class of people called *clerici*, because they wear the habit, and have the tonsure, of clergy; men, in order to flatter the prejudices of their country, and in order to procure lucrative situations, various benefices, and sinecure places under the government. Though thus habited, they are not in orders. They are seldom or never ordained till they rise to some

situation of eminence. It was among this class of the people that he found men of the greatest merit. This part of the nation belongs certainly to the middle class, which in most countries is commonly the best. This class of men at Rome is not numerous. There are also, among those of an independant fortune, very many, and indeed the greater part, who devote themselves to the study of the belles lettres, and other philosophical pursuits. Out of the way of being affected by state intrigue, or stimulated by ambition, they form among themselves small societies, which perfectly resemble the meeting of the philosophers of Greece. In the comparison between the modern Italians and the ancient Romans, he was much struck by the similitude ; but government, militating on the principles and tempers, produces effects totally dissimilar to the manners and characters of the ancient Romans.

After

. After having been left by his uncle to pursue his studies in the contemplation of the ancient monuments, while he read over again its historians and other writers, and to read modern Rome in its relics of superstition and the then manners of its inhabitants, he was desired to meet his uncle again at Florence : and, to indulge him in his wishes, they went to Marseilles by land, passing through Leghorn, Genoa, Nice, and Toulon.

On his arrival at Marseilles, he was struck by the activity of its inhabitants, and he soon perceived how very different their character was from the Spaniards and Italians. Though their natural vehemence and impetuosity were checked by the severest laws, he had frequent opportunities of noticing, in many individuals, instances of intrepidity and courage, that proved their character was hardly degenerated since the time it is men-

tioned in history that they were attacked by Cæsar. He paid particular attention, likewise, to that part of our species which is so interesting, but so much neglected, and consequently so little known even to moralists. He loved to see women enjoying a freedom of intercourse, which contributes so much to their improvement; and, by this easy reciprocity of communication between them and the male sex, their minds acquire an energy, and they become almost perfect, when they join a manly understanding to the female character; while the natural roughness of the man is softened by female delicacy, and the mildness of disposition peculiar to women, the sexual differences are so meliorated, so blended and exchanged, that they each take new qualities, which they did not before possess; like gold, which grows more valuable by being combined with other mineral substances, and to which it has an affinity. Hence a refinement of taste, and the multiplied

multiplied delicacies which form the sweetest charms of social life.

Our young traveller, whose imagination was now warmed by a long contemplation of the master-pieces of the ingenious and liberal arts, and being in a country which was and is celebrated for its gallantry, while astonished at the instances that came within his observation, he could not help being pleased with its manners. He was of too sanguine a constitution, and gifted with so much sensibility; to be indifferent to the power of beauty, when set off with all the most seductive and evincing allurements. Gomez, who had never frequented bad company, was timid and abashed before the sex. He did not possess that boldness, which is but too frequently visible among young men, and is the true characteristic of a depraved immoral conduct, of a contracted intimacy with that part of the sex, whose unfortunate con-

duct draws ruin on themselves and others. In Italy, an unfortunate attachment would have been his ruin. A single step, made in the path of vice, would have ruined his health, morals, and principles. His reason over-ruled his passion, which had brought him to the edge of the precipice. An unknown cause of anxiety prevented him from having any rest, and was the first symptom of passion which fermented his blood, though it attached itself to no object. He could not have lived long in this situation, thus suffering desires and wishes, which his reason and good sense controlled; if his uncle, whose affairs called him to Spain, had not taken him home to his native country. They went by sea to Barcelona, through the rich dukedom of Catalogna, and a part of the kingdom of Castiglia.

It was Don Alvarado's intention that his son should make some stay in that town, in order to complete his education,
before

before he entered into the army. How strong and prevalent are national prejudices, even in the most enlightened minds! What improvement can young people make, artists excepted, in large towns that they may not acquire out of them. It is in large towns, that they contract every species of vice and corruption, after having lost their innocence. It is in large towns where idleness* breeds, in the unpractised breast, all the germs of those multifarious passions which so frequently play the tragical scenes on the theatre of the world. Alvarado did not foresee the dangers to which his son was exposed. It was here that his son gave way to the impulse of natural affections, that he gave way to the most amiable weakness of human nature. Here beauty touched his

* It may not be improper to observe, that the word *idle* comes from the German word *edel*, which means *noble*; idleness appearing both to be its etymology and its most distinguished attribute, — the prerogative and the essence of nobility.

a forced transition to the heart

heart, which before only skirted his eyes, and beamed on his imagination. If Alvarado had foreseen the dangers to which his son was exposed, he would have cursed the moment that he became a father. But futurity is wisely concealed beyond the reach of human penetration.

Gomez was in the morn of virility, that happy time of life, when reason is obscured by the warmth of imagination; when the organs, by giving perfection to the body, indicate the want of new enjoyments; where the warm fancy seeks to realize the chimeras which it indulges; and when the mind is elevated to caress and cherish the object of its illusion, till it fosters it into a second reality. He was naturally endowed with a keen sensibility, which had been improved by education. He found himself, like a hero of chivalry, in an enchanted palace, where a magic scene shewed him the image of happiness, and vanished into air when he stretched

shed out his hand to grasp it. Al-
 disappointed in his warmest wishes,
 was always duped; and experience-
 observation were both of little service
 him; for, he was ever likely to be-
 d again. The world, in which he
 , was so different from the ideal pic-
 which he had made of it in his own
 : by altering all the colours, it
 d have come nearer to the represen-
 of truth.

His uncle returned to America, after
 ng introduced him to many of his
 ds; to whose care and attention he
 recommended him. But the most of
 were but dull companions for a
 g man: old soldiers, who were con-
 sly entertaining him with their old
 ntures, and boasting of all their bat-
 their guns, their drums, and their
 ds. Old ladies, whose glassies so
 red them, that they could not be
 raded but they were still blooming
 in

in youth and beauty; and who, with the appearance of virtue, had led a life of depravity. For, such is the frailty of human nature, that we still love the shadow of things, when we can no longer enjoy the reality.

Gomez rejected all these societies with disgust and aversion. Nothing could be more adapted to deprave the understanding, narrow the heart, and make him the slave of folly and vice.

He frequently visited the botanic garden, there to observe and compare the productions of the remotest climes; their forms, their characters, and their respective qualities. An unexhaustible source of knowledge! Gomez, though naturally pensive, was one evening more than usually so; and, while he felt a secret anguish, which he had never felt before, his experience was of no service to him in his endeavours to ascertain the cause of it.

it. He was invited by a numerous party to accompany them to the Prado. There were displayed all that was lovely, all that was beautiful, in the sweetest forms of the divinest women, so naturally and so easily dressed, that they seemed as if art could give nothing more to their persons. They looked goddesses; but, as a blessing to man, they were earthly born. Gomez saw them with trouble and anxiety, but they carried no pleasure to his sense. He grew weary of his study. In the midst of society he was alone; for, his mind at length accounted for his sensations; he felt the desires to be concentrated in the wish of having society in one, a mistress of his heart. It was no longer an Antonietta that he wished; a sister was too near and too remote. His melancholy disposition favoured his religious duties, and he went frequently to church to compose and unburthen his mind before his Maker. He prayed devoutly to be relieved from the cause of his agitation,

tion, or that the Divine Will might be so disposed as to take him from this load of life. In the midst of these melancholy ejaculations, he raised his eyes to the altar, and perceived a woman offering her adorations to the Creator with a fervent and animated devotion. He looked, and was undone; his heart knocked at his ribs. The indescribable expression of her attitude, the elegance of a Grecian form, her beautiful arms crossed over her breast, and a face speaking fervency, raised such emotion in Gomez, that he seemed rivetted to the spot where he stood. Thus motionless, he seemed at last to collect his lost sense. "Where am I? and who are you?" said he to himself; "thou epitome of all that is divine. Henceforth Gomez is no more himself. Thanks be to God! he has found out an object for his passion. Yes; to thee, and thee alone, thou dear object and aim of all my wishes. Yes, it is you and you alone,

“ alone, that shall concentrate them in
 “ your bosom.” This was his language
 to the object to whom he almost swore
 eternal constancy, till her devotion being
 ended, and the presence of her duenna
 indicated her departure from his ra-
 vished eyes.

Gomez remained in silent contempla-
 tion; for, he saw her still; till, roused from
 his reverie, “ Where is she?” he ejacu-
 lated, loud enough to be heard by the
 people that were every where around
 him. “ She is gone! she is gone!”
 When he recovered from his frenzy, he
 repented not to have followed her. He
 hated himself for his stupidity, blamed
 his misfortune, and was glad that he
 was thus unhappy; for, he thought he
 deserved to be so. Instead of being ea-
 sy, recalling his long-lost calm, he exci-
 ted there new sensations to that breast
 that long had known no rest. From this
 moment, farewell peace to the wretched
 Gomez!

Gomez! Farewel all good! for, he had hardly one faint gleam of hope to make him support his anxiety. He returned home, and gave way to all the torments of a frantic passion. The day was irksome to him; the night alone was the only moment to which his mind was congenial. The only time that he had wrought his soul to. Ah! ye, who fancy ye have known distress, and who have not felt the pangs of hopeless love, how much ye are to be pitied! All other ills are light and trivial to that misery!

Gomez, before the church was opened, walked in the cloisters through which she had passed, as on enchanted ground. He seemed to think that the pavement felt her tread, and that the flags had retained the impression of her foot.

On the opening of the doors, he hurried to the spot where she had knelt,
threw

threw himself on the stone, and glued his lips to it with madness. He seated himself in her place, placed himself in the same attitude, fixed his hand on the arm of the chair which she had touched, and then kissed it with wild emotion; till at length many penitents came and prostrated themselves at the altar, and he grew composed. Their devotion was directed to another object, but it was not more pure or agreeable to the Divinity. It drew near to the time that the lady made her appearance the day before. He grew anxious and impatient. A thousand ideas harassed him. "No," said he, "she will not come to-day." And, though not yet time, he blamed her delay, and calculated like a lover, who are generally unjust in their accounts. At length she made her approach, with every unaffected and winning grace. Her look drew attention, while she seemed disordered at the very look she drew. During the whole mass, while she

She seemed elevated beyond all temporary and worldly concerns, interchanging her thoughts with the saints in heaven. Gomez sat in silent contemplation, with his eyes rivetted to her. Mass being ended, she moved slowly down the aisle, attended by her duenna. He seemed to breathe more easily. The air seemed impregnated with the most delicious perfumes, and which he seemed to exhale as she passed.

" Aura spira da voi, che mi ricrea,

" E mi conforta, pur che m'auvicine."

Gomez followed her at a distance, till he saw her reach her carriage. He followed it till he saw her alight, and the corresponding liveries of the servants announced to him that she lived there, and he returned home in the highest spirits.

There is a natural sympathy and antipathy in mankind that makes us like and

and dislike particular objects on their first appearance; and there exists in particular people a secret attraction which creates a mutual passion from almost the first moment that their eyes come in contact with each other. Gomez had not yet spoken to the woman he adored; but such was the nature of his feelings that he did not doubt a return of affection. One slight and transient glance that he had observed, when she once casually directed her eyes to where he sat, was sufficient to raise every sweet idea and every expectation to his enamoured heart.

He was regularly at church, where he sat in all attention, looking till he gazed away his meaning. He seemed at last to obtain attention, or rather observation, from his seeming rudeness, which he naturally mistook, and from his mistake he grew presumptuous. He became fretful from the indulgence of his frantic passion,

the whole day he gave
sorrow and vexation.

he pictured her before him
awake she was always pre
gination. He began to
self on these sensations, c
love, and in love unreason
"us try," said he, "t
"delirium, or all my pa
"and application, all n
"pects of distinction, w
"lost. Come, let me a
"and conquer this passio
"that should exist only
"for, in society, it makes
"I will be again myself;
"public amusement, an
"shall rouse my spirits fro
"in which she was

He ordered a horse, and set off at six o'clock in the morning to visit the Escorial, but he paid no attention to what he saw. In the evening he went to a new opera that was given at the Italian theatre, and the master-piece of the celebrated Iomelli; but he was insensible to its beauties. Before the second act was finished, he left the house, and returned home a prey still to those thoughts which he wished to exclude. At last he determined to make the object of his passion acquainted with his situation, to ask and entreat some answer to his declaration, and either to raise his hopes to future possession or close them in flat despair. He wrote her the following letter: — “ From the moment I first saw
“ you, I believe I may date my ruin.
“ Forgive this declaration, and forgive
“ all the incoherence that you cannot
“ but observe in my writing. My peace
“ and misery are both in your power,
“ my

" ~~thousands~~ in my veins
" thousand contending
" thou soul of love! thin
" me: those eyes have in
" fection which will driv
" with passion, to my
" ever darling unconsciou
" place one in thought,
" protested passion; and,
" an atom of sensibility, t
" heart is disengaged, and b
" bless you: or that you a
" and then the sum of al
" Give me from yourself
" strengthen expectation or
" all my hopes. — Tell me
" you, tell me. — Give me
" I may shape my fortune
" I swear — deeply and

" rate of your love, — yes, — shall be
 " my last. By that power that gave me
 " sense and being, I will rest from fate
 " my folly's chastisement, and this hand
 " shall end me. Ah! forgive this de-
 " vout impiety, these ejaculations of a
 " madman, and accuse thy beauteous
 " self. — Yet, ah! no: look but in pi-
 " ty, look on me, and meditate some
 " consolation for him, who, from those
 " eyes, which beam with the sweetest
 " lustre, has been struck so to the heart,
 " that the sensations there are past de-
 " scription, no language can compass
 " them. — The sensation I experience
 " I imagine to be most similar to a
 " poisonous aconite, which, when it had
 " reached the heart, should possess the
 " property of prolonging existence, that
 " the torture might be the more ex-
 " quisite." — This was the letter that he
 penned, and had intended to have sent
 to the innocent cause of all his distrac-
 tion; when the same motive, that caused

him to write it, made him destroy it. He tore it in pieces, yet his heart was relieved from the weight with which it was oppressed. On reflecting on what he had written, he condemned himself highly; he doubted of its truth, and at last accused himself of positive falsehood. Yet his heart was only the dupe of his imagination. He was perfectly persuaded that letter-writing bordered too nearly on premeditated seduction; he therefore rejected it on that motive. "How should it ever reach the pure
"and heartfelt sensations that glow in
"my breast?" He was induced to write from the impression of the practice made use of in those Portuguese and French novels, which generally tend to deceive the credulous, by a jargon not dissimilar to that which priests and nurses use in our early years; and hence the cause of superstition and prejudice, which grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength.

Gomez,

Gomez, whose polar star was honour, was highly pleased with his determination; his mind was at ease, his sleep was less perturbed, and his limbs lost their languor. He rose more than usually invigorated, and longed for the moment of visiting the object of his adoration. His look bespoke the calm within; his usual sweetness was seated on his countenance. Gomez was not handsome, but his face was highly expressive, which constantly bore the impression of his mind, and which it was impossible for him to conceal. His look was extremely sweet, his voice harmonious, and, when he spoke, his language forced conviction, for it came from the heart.

He was resolved to speak to this mysterious enchantress the very first time he should see her. He dressed himself elegantly, ordered his carriage, rode half

an hour on the Prado, and, going through the *Calle de Atocha*, when he conjectured that it was about the time that she usually made her appearance, he went to the church. Her coach was at the gate, she had arrived before him. A confused sentiment of hope and fear divided his breast. He ordered his carriage to draw up, and alighted. — Gomez was all in trepidation. — He had scarcely observed her whom he sought, when, by an involuntary emotion, he prostrated himself in the same attitude in which she was: he looked at her and admired her at a distance. Mass being finished, he drew slowly towards her, not unperceived by her duenna, who looked and smiled as sensible of his attention, and seemed not displeased with it. Gomez was too sensible not to observe that he drew her attention, and concealed his embarrassment, by fixing his eyes on a picture of Domenichino which ornamented the altar. He drew
nearer

nearer to the lady, and in a manner insensibly ;

“ Come al lume farfalla ei si rivolse.”

As she rose, she dropped her glove, which was immediately lifted by the happy Gomez, who, on delivering it, saw a confusion in her countenance. He trembled through his whole frame, and withdrew without saying a single syllable. By the time she was out of the church, he summed up resolution sufficient to follow and address her, and this was his conversation. “ Forgive me, ma-
 “ dam, for thus addressing you ; but,
 “ knowing my intentions are honourable,
 “ I am hurried on by — by love or
 “ madness to a declaration that my peace
 “ or misery are in your power. — You
 “ are already at your carriage.” He bowed, and retired while she got into her carriage. When seated, he bowed with the utmost respect. Gomez re-

marked the most delicate suffusion rise on her countenance, and loved her for her silence. He ordered his carriage to follow hers, and took one longing look when she alighted. Eleonora (for, that was the Christian name of the young lady) was fifteen years old; her chaste heart had not yet felt the insidious light of love: but those sensations, familiar to women of a certain age, began to create wishes which she could not form any distinct notion of; yet, the want of which, probably, created uneasiness. Eleonora was handsome: her skin was remarkably fair, her eyes dark and large, her teeth regular and white, and her lips not small, but red; her person small, and rather short; her sensibility exquisite. No young man could have seen Eleonora without admiration, and no one could have known her without loving her.

Gomez adored her without either knowing her name, her education, her friends,

friends, her family, or connections. As for her fortune, he never gave it a thought; it would never have been an unrelenting foe to the impassioned Gomez: his fortune was placed in her smile, his wish only extended to create a mutual feeling in the heart of Eleonora, and he would compass the world when he embraced her zone. The most difficult step was made; and, though not vain, he began to lose his timidity, to trust the rest to time and his own feelings. It was not long before another wished for opportunity presented itself. He saw the darling of his heart constantly at church; but neither the time, nor the place, were favourable to the execution of his purpose.

Among the many acquaintances he had made at Madrid, there was a Portuguese gentleman from Brazil who was particularly intimate with his uncle. This gentleman had a numerous acquaintance

with the first families in Madrid, had a thorough knowledge of the world, and was a man of great fortune. Gomez now began to cultivate his acquaintance, as the means of being introduced to the much-loved Eleonora: he thought that Major Ferras (for, that was the name of the gentleman) could be of use to him. The next morning he paid him a visit; and, after the usual compliments had passed, after the news of the day, they discoursed on a variety of subjects. Major Ferras told his young friend that he owed his character more to a superficial knowledge of a variety of subjects than to any one particular study; for, those lighter talents are more readily obvious, more easily adapted to conversation: "and I have observed," added he, "that a man most commonly ranks in society in proportion to his abilities, or rather powers of conversation. A man, for instance, possessing an easy manner, a genteel address, with a knowledge

ledge

“ ledge of the modern European lan-
 “ guages, and a very small share of
 “ knowledge, with a still smaller pau-
 “ city of ideas, will be generally ad-
 “ mitted, nay, courted, in society; while
 “ the scholar is forgotten and neglected.
 “ I intend,” said he, “ to introduce
 “ you into a house, where you will be
 “ certainly received with every at-
 “ tention, to a woman of the first fa-
 “ shion in Madrid; whose house is the
 “ rendezvous, not alone of literary men,
 “ but people of the first fashion; and
 “ from among these she has made one
 “ particular party, a chosen few, Gomez,
 “ who are eminently pleasant. This
 “ is one of her days; you are not en-
 “ gaged; I dine there, and will carry
 “ you.” Gomez went home to dress,
 and returned at four to Major Ferras:
 they set off for Donna Floriza’s. Gomez
 was introduced and received with the
 sweetest cordiality, owing to the intro-
 duction of Major Ferras. “ I have so

“ much confidence in Ferras’s introduction,” she said, “ that I am delighted when he adds one to my coterie.” With the freedom and easy manners of the woman of fashion, she desired Gomez to seat himself by her on the sofa : he bowed, and obeyed. During dinner he spoke but seldom, but with so much modesty and judgement, that he preposessed the whole party in his favour. He was sometimes absent, and his attention was sometimes lost even to Donna Floriza, though he was seated at her side. His spirits and attention were given to a distant object. In these dinner-parties they sat at table longer than usual : the ladies almost as long as the men.

On the arrival of Donna Floriza’s friends in the evening, they went into another apartment. The conversation was at one time so animated, and their attention directed to some bee-hives that were on a new construction, and which had

had just arrived from England, in which the bees could be seen at work, that Gomez alone observed two ladies who came in without being announced. He bowed: they seated themselves facing him. He had observed an elegance in the youngest to which no one could be insensible; but her veil, which she had not yet lifted, prevented him from seeing her face. When she arose to look at the hives, she raised her veil; and how great, how agreeably, was Gomez surprised, how elated he felt, when he perceived it was the object of his affections. It was Eleonora! A mist seemed to pass Gomez' eyes; he grew giddy, and some moments had elapsed before he recovered himself. At length, in order not to be remarked, he directed, seemingly, his attention to some other object. He asked Major Ferras some indifferent questions, and, among the rest, who the two ladies were who arrived last. "It is Donna Floriza's

mez to be one of the best bred men in Spain: while Eleonora recollected him, nor were his manners lost to her observation.

Eleonora now began to be subdued by feelings that made every moment unpleasant in the absence of Gomez. When she withdrew to her room, she threw herself into her chair, leaned her arm on the elbow of it, and placed her head on her hand in a most piteous manner. She sighed, and she could not tell why. But, when the key of love is touched, it indicates the anguish of the heart, and it gives momentary relief. Her face was soon bathed in tears. She passed part of the night in the same situation, a prey to her own melancholy imaginations; till, roused by some music, she rose, threw open the window, and, amidst the most voluptuous accords, she heard the name of Eleonora. She could not doubt of the serenade being intended for her, and
that

that it was directed by the amiable Gomez, whose image had never been absent from her from the moment that he had first spoken to her, and which now seemed realized by the feather in his hat, which Eleonora thought was his. He was wrapt in a red cloak, with a guitar in his hand. The melancholy and sad mood of the susceptible Eleonora was suited to the occasion. The warm climate, and the thin light air, conveyed every sweet note to her enraptured bosom. The moment that she had shut the window, Gomez stopped. Eleonora went to bed; and, though her heart leaped with joy, she was worn by her passion and attention to the music, and with these appliances she had the sweetest repose.

Gomez, elated with his serenade, for he had seen his Eleonora, had no thought of taking rest; his spirits were more refreshed than if he had just risen, and he hated the thought of steeping his senses
in

in forgetfulness. He went home, sat down at his harpsichord, and composed many fanciful nocturnos and romances; the ideas of some of which he followed at another moment and finished, and presented them to his Eleonora. His genius, his feelings, his whole soul, had never been so elevated as they were that night. Sentiments are readily raised in solitude; the ideas of a lover are wide and unbounded. He seemed to have the rod of empire within his grasp; or, if it had been, he was in a mood to despise and reject it. O how proudly he thought, with what energy he glowed, while he paced the room in agitated rapture, calling on his Eleonora!

“ Yes, yes, my darling, my sweet Eleonora! my child of sensibility! you must and shall be mine. To be without you shall be death, and to live thus from you is dying. Yes, my Eleonora, all other society is irksome, every place insipid; and, to me, the beauties of the world seem all ugly
“ and

nd deformed objects." Indulged in
e ideas, and between writing, read-
and his own soliloquies, he passed
night. The dawn appeared, and he
sed the day on which he hoped again
ee Eleonora. He felt so refreshed,
he left the house to breathe the pure
of the country. Such is the influence
he mind on the body. He wandered
ugh the country, indulging the sweet-
thoughts. When he had bathed, he
akfasted in a beautiful pavilion near
Delicias: returned home, attempted
read, and read the same page over
over again, without understanding
syllable of what it meant: meditated
his musical compositions of the night
ore, and dressed for dinner. Major
ras was there; he complimented
friend on his taste, and asked him to
it party or ball he was going to in the
ning that he was so elegantly dressed.
nez was prevented from giving an
ver by the entrance of the servant to
announce

announce Seniors Velasques de Castro. Gomez turned his head to the door, and he perceived the woman that his heart adored. His blood ran cold through his whole frame. The emotion of Eleonora was not less than that of Gomez, but it was concealed by her veil. After having saluted Ferras and Gomez, she went to her aunt, and sat down by her on the sofa. Gomez watched every motion, and wished from his heart that she would take up her veil, which caused an eclipse between him and his sun of beauty. He hardly dared to look too pointedly at her, for fear of offending her, and hurting her delicacy. But his heart parleyed, and would have spoken words that burn, while he himself stood pensive and lost. Had Eleonora known the delicate sentiments of the fond Gomez, she would have deigned to have given him one look of compassion. "Yes," said he, "still keep those eyes to yourself, forbear to let them wander; those dear, darling

"ling

“ling orbits, that beam of the mind;
 “for, should they meet mine, I think I
 “should swoon at your feet.”

The servant came to announce that dinner was on the table.

They sat down four to table: and, though Gomez' mind was all activity, he had lost his colour and his appetite. He was much changed in his person; he had become thin. There was every thing to excite and gratify the appetite, but Gomez could scarcely eat.

The dinner ended, and the usual routine of wine, coffee, and liqueur, being gone through, they arose and went into the saloon. Donna Floriza turned over a vast quantity of Italian, French, and German music; at last she desired Eleonora to sit down to the harpsichord, if she was disposed. Eleonora, who was a perfect mistress of music, obeyed; and, as she

she touched the accords, poor Gomez' heart leaped in unison. "How is your voice?" said her aunt: "can you sing?" Eleonora said she should try, and sung the air from the *Olimpiade*, which begins *Se cerca se dice, &c.* Eleonora, from her infancy, had been taught to sing by an excellent Italian master. Her style was innocent and affecting; her graces had nothing of art, from the easy manner in which she executed them. The soul, the animation, that seemed to breathe in every note, gave the highest idea of her feeling. When she came to *l'amico dove? piangendo parti*, she took possession of the soul of every auditor; by the fond hope, the dear expectation, expressed in the first words; and the final despair, the flat disappointment, in the last; which were given with the sweetest intonation, and with the most tender and touching expression. It was impossible to resist the effect. Major Ferras shed tears, and Gomez was deeply affected.

Donna

Donna Floriza, who played and sung with great taste, ran through a composition which had been dedicated and sent to her in the course of the morning. Gomez was then asked by Major Ferras to play, but he had been too much affected to attempt any thing. His feelings had been so much moved, that, though he was delighted beyond what he had ever experienced, as the effect was beyond common bounds, he could not utter a syllable in commendation of her, in whom were concentrated all his dearest hopes. He replied, in a faltering voice, he hoped to be able to gratify Major Ferras at some future opportunity. Eleonora looked, and seemed as if she wished to hear him, and was not insensible to his embarrassment. “ Which music do you prefer, Signor Alvarado.” — “ The Italian, beyond a doubt,” replied Gomez to the timid Eleonora. “ If I may be allowed to argue from the practice, the effects produced, and which

“ I

“ I yet feel, may be estimated as the
“ truest test of its merit. You, ma-
“ dam, I am assured, think with me, or
“ it would be nearly impossible to put so
“ much soul in a language and in music,
“ which the performer should think un-
“ appropriate to the passion. The Ita-
“ lian language is so eminently sweet in
“ itself, that the cantilena of the natives,
“ particularly the Romans, in common
“ discourse, is almost music. It is so
“ soft, so melodious, and more accen-
“ tuated than any other language. These
“ qualities are peculiarly important to vo-
“ cal music. It is soft, from its articu-
“ lation’s being uncompounded, from
“ the infrequency of clashing consonants,
“ and from every word in the language
“ being terminated by a vowel. It is
“ sonorous, from most of its vowels
“ being open ; its diphthongs uncom-
“ pounded, from having no nasal vowels,
“ and from its articulations being few
“ and easy, which render the sound of
“ each

" each neat and full. It is melodious,
 " from its own native sweetness, which
 " renders it vocal even in declamation
 " and common speech, without the as-
 " sistance of musical notes. But the
 " particular happiness of the Italian lan-
 " guage, and what makes it so pecu-
 " liarly mellifluous, as well as more a-
 " dapted to the expression of sentiment,
 " than any other, is the great compass
 " and variety of its tones, and the choice
 " it allows in painting the passions." —
 " I think, that that dialect which has
 " the greatest number of vowels is the
 " best fitted to vocal purposes," said
 Eleonora; " and surely the Italian has
 " the most and is the sweetest." Gomez
 listened to every word with delight,
 while his eyes ran over her with wistful
 modesty. This conversation may proba-
 bly give some faint idea of the topics of
 discussion; and the best musical compo-
 sitions was the resource when conversation
 drooped or became less animated.

It

It grew late, when the duenna arrived with Donna Ifidora de Castro, mother of Eleonora. Gomez was introduced to her. Donna de Floriza said to him, "Signor de Alvarado, as you have now recovered from the pitiable state that you were lately in, from the effects of my niece's singing, will you favour me by sitting down to the harpsichord?"—"Certainly, madam," said Gomez, "I will attempt to give you two or three verses of a little French air, which I endeavoured to turn into Italian. You shall hear both, and then you will tell me if I have rendered the original faithfully. Tell me if you like the simplicity of the air." Gomez sat down and accompanied himself to these words:

Que le jour me dure,
Passé loin de toi,
Toute la nature
N'est plus rien pour moi.

De

Le plus verd bocage,
Quand tu n'y viens pas,
Est un lieu sauvage
Pour moi sans appas.

Hélas ! si je passe
Un jour sans te voir,
Je cherche la trace
Dans mon désespoir.

Quand je l'ai perdue,
Je reste à pleurer,
Mon âme éperdue
Est prêt d'expirer.

When he had finished, Donna Floriza said the simplicity of the air was highly appropriated to the unaffected easy elegance of the words. "Let us now hear it in your Italian imitation." — "This is it." — "But repeat the words first, that I may perfectly understand them." Gomez first repeated, and then sung, the following imitation :

Il di quanto dura,
Lontano da ti;
Non e la natura,
Piu niente per me.

F

L'amena

L'amena selvetta,
 Se tu ne sei fuor,
 Me piu non diletta,
 Si veste d'orror.

Se lungi un sol giorno,
 Da te me ne stò,
 Smaniofo d'intorno,
 Cercando ti vò.

La speme tradita,
 Io resto a plorar,
 E l'alma furarrita,
 E presso a spirar.*

* Imitated.

How tedious is the day,
 When absent I'm from thee,
 Nature, serene and gay,
 Has nought to pleasure me.

When absent I'm from thee,
 Nor grove, nor flow'ry field,
 Nought sure can give delight,
 Or any pleasure yield.

If but a moment's space
 I'm distant from my dear,
 Her fancy'd path I trace,
 And think each day a year.

I feel, when hope's betray'd,
 When check'd is all desire,
 My heart still loves the maid,
 Though ready to expire.

Donna

Donna Floriza said, she thought the Italian admirable; it gave the full force of the French, and had the additional advantage of the softness of the language to recommend it. Eleonora said she thought it elegant; and Ferras rallied Gomez on his love-song at so early a period of life. "You shall be our Spanish Petrarca. You beat him. Petrarca fell in love at two-and-twenty, and you are not seventeen. But you must tell me the name of your Laura." But the blushes of Eleonora soon discovered her, and Ferras turned the conversation. In the course of the evening, before they had retired, Ferras invited Gomez to come to him to breakfast the next morning; adding, "you have so charmed Donna Isidora, that she says if she were younger she should be quite in love with you." Gomez waited on Major Ferras the next morning to breakfast, when he explained himself

more fully, by asking him how he liked his cousin Eleonora Velasquez de Castro. "Like her!" exclaimed Gomez: "all eyes, all hearts, with rapture, must confess her beauty and accomplishments." — "Since I perceive your affections are not disinclined towards her, I will add a very secondary consideration, which is, that she is an heiress to one of the richest men in Madrid; and who, though of a noble family, has no other idea than that of making and hording money. But if you can gain Eleonora's heart, and I will do all in my power to assist you, I should be happy with the connection; as I know your worth, and am confident that the match would please both your father and your uncle." Gomez could not resist the first transport of his gratitude. He seized Major Ferras's hands, kissed them, and called him his friend, his adviser, his patron.

Eleonora

Eleonora was the only child of an ancient Castilian family. She had been bred up under the care of her mother, Donna Isidora, who had all the superstition of an anchoress. Her education had been neglected, though permitted to study Italian and music, which were both owing to the solicitation of her aunt, Donna Floriza. Her mother consented, under the idea of the pleasure of having devotional music; and her father, who was incessantly busy about making money, and insensible to every accomplishment, thought that they might be the means of keeping his daughter from the dissipation and extravagance of the world. Thus her superstition was pleased, and his penury gratified. All her time had been divided between devotion and music. Endued with a natural good ear, great sensibility and taste, she had cultivated her talent for music to perfection. But now Eleonora neglected every thing. Her friends, her parents,

she was indifferent to; she had no pleasure in the world but being with Donna Floriza. Her duenna perceived the torpor that seemed to possess her. Her lassitude and sickness were highly distressing. Her face lost its colour, but her pale cheek was an object of affection to her enamoured friend. It was to Gomez' timidity that his silence of his passion must be attributed. His looks, his attention, his whole conversation, carried the idea of his affections; while Eleonora glowed with love, which was increased by a continual intercourse. At last, Gomez ventured to break the subject, and was hurried on imperceptibly to a slight declaration of attachment. His conversation had always been light and pleasant, and excessively interesting to every one, but particularly to Eleonora, till it grew as heavy, dull, and insipid, as before it was sprightly and playful. In the evening of one of those sultry summer-days, which tend so much
to

to relax the fibres and expand the heart, when the mind is more than usually susceptible of the delicacy of passion, Gomez and Eleonora had walked into Donna Floriza's grounds, which commanded an extensive prospect of the Prado and the adjacent country. After walking some time, they seated themselves in a pavilion. "It lightens!" said Eleonora. "O, no! do not be under any apprehension; and, if it did, I would turn it from you, though it were forked. Yes, I have the means. Did you ever read the *Tempesta* of Metastasio? *No, non turbarti, O Nice*, it begins. But, indeed, you seem frightened. Do not be alarmed; any terror that you feel, be assured I participate. Yes, Eleonora, my heart sympathizes with your's, and beats high or sinks in sorrow according to my momentary hopes or disappointment. In your opinion of me, Eleonora, is centered all my thoughts, all my wishes:

“ yes, Eleonora, how shall I endeavour
 “ to tell you my sensations, how shall I
 “ tell you my feelings, when absent?
 “ and, when absent, how my imagination
 “ brings you to my recollection!
 “ How fondly I doat on the recollection,
 “ and how dearly I feel you in my
 “ heart! Yet, when I am with you, I
 “ feel incapable of expressing myself:
 “ I sigh my soul away, and look at
 “ you till I gaze away my meaning.
 “ O Eleonora! Eleonora! what shall I
 “ say to convince you of my passion,
 “ that knows no bounds? I am all reserved,
 “ from a sense of your delicacy.
 “ What shall I say, or what entreat?
 “ Let me only hope that my affection
 “ is not misplaced: let me but think
 “ that I have not exchanged all my
 “ whole soul for your hate and scorn.
 “ Speak to me, in pity speak to me.
 “ Yes! Am I then hated and despised?” — “ No, no!” said Eleonora,
 The lightning now quickened; flash after
 flash

flash shot through the pavilion; the thunder growled at a distance, and came nearer and nearer; while the rain poured. At last, the thunder came so near that the pavilion shook. A servant, who had been some time looking for them, heard their discourse, and said he had been sent with cloaks and umbrellas by Donna Floriza, who, on their entrance, asked Eleonora if she had been excessively frightened. "Yes, I thought that the pavilion would have fallen on our heads."

Eleonora revolved Gomez' conversation over in her mind, and the prejudices of her education had been so deeply imbibed, that she thought she had acted with impiety in listening to the declaration of love of any man, without having previously asked the permission of her parents, whom she had not even consulted, or the more necessary approbation of her confessor. She accused her-

self of neglect of duty; and then, at another moment, blamed her own timidity, to have made her to remain in a place where she had listened to those declarations of a man, and became guilty. She repented not to have left him in incertitude and doubt of her indifference. This conduct would have been also reprehensible, she thought; for, it would have been acting with dissimulation, which she had never been guilty of, and which her heart rejected with disdain. And again, she loved Gomez, and wished she could have told him so; "but surely," said she to herself, "he has perceived my affection; "I never meet his eye but a conscious blush rises on my cheek, I never hear him named but a sigh steals from my heart; then why should I attempt to speak? Why tell him what all my actions demonstrate too plainly? My father will never consent to my being blessed. No, no. Why was I not cloistered? I had lived then happy." —

Thus

Thus the voice of nature spoke the language of affection in the tender and feeling bosom, and stifled the voice of childish prejudice and vile superstition.

Let philosophy receive its due tribute of approbation for every day undermining that pest to civil society, that poison of all social compact, by introducing that philosophic temper which spreads through society, softens the manners, and subdues the mind, at length, to listen to the voice of reason, which soon annihilates this mental pestilence.

Our education is too frequently in direct contradiction to the common laws of nature. The mind is enslaved, and credulity is instilled instead of knowledge; while the most glaring absurdities are said to emanate from the Divinity.

Gomez and Eleonora glowed now with one mutual passion, with the name-

less raptures of reciprocal affections. They had but one will, one feeling, one soul, which animated them both. When absent, they pictured each other present, conversed and answered, swore eternal faith, truth, constancy, and love, and thus, in the society of each other, they lived, protesting welcome vows, and breathing attachment.

Ye, whose delicacy of passion gives ye more lively feelings, whose sensibility of temp^r takes entire possession of you, who blush with *Héloïse* while your heart forgives her, who pity the misery of *Werter*, and whose sympathetic tears trickle down the cheek when you wander with Pétrarch over Cabrieres and Valclusa, come within the magic of fancy, and crown Eleonora and Gomez with myrtle; strew flowers along the steep slopes of their enchanting fairy-ground and roses on their pillow; while you defend

send their slumber from the legion-fiends of glory and of gold.

Among the many acquaintances that Gomez had made, he knew a young gentleman whose name was *Arvesillo*; and, as the intimacy which subsisted between them was afterwards of some moment to Gomez, I shall endeavour to give some account of him. — Born with a warm complexion, he was ready to sacrifice every thing to the gratification of his selfish and unremitting desires. False by nature, vindictive, which is too much the character of the inhabitants of hot climates, no one could hide better than he the blackest designs under a smiling countenance. He carried sun-shine in his face while discontent sat at his heart. Though he seemed, outwardly to the world, to pay the greatest respect and obedience to religious worship, even to fanaticism, (for, he knew it could never retard, but it might frequently serve and advance,

advance, the execution of his projects,) yet he was abandoned enough to despise it. Arvesillo had a bold manly mind, with the most insinuating manner, a strong lively genius that caught all objects at a glance, and a memory to retain them. Literature was his delight, yet his prosecution was pleasure. From the first moment of his intercourse with Gomez, he perceived his taste and attachment to philosophical pursuits; and, as he was older than him by a few years, he had read more. He seemed to play with his own opinions with all juvenile levity. He was one of the deepest gamblers in Madrid: at one time he possessed thousands, which he squandered away as soon as he had them; and at another time he was in want of a single ducat: but his mind was always calm and easy, never fluctuating with his purse. Gomez was perfectly unacquainted with the society which Arvesillo kept: he knew him only as a literary man, whose
knowledge

knowledge he esteemed him for, and whose opinions he relished. Gomez frequently lent Arvesillo money, which was punctually repaid him the first opportunity that his circumstances permitted him. Arvesillo's projects went much farther: he had a sister, who was married to a capital merchant, and who was reckoned one of the finest, as well as the most gallant women in Madrid. Arvesillo drew such a picture of Alvarado's son that she at first, in a slight manner, said she should like to be acquainted with him, which Arvesillo treated neglectfully, as if he had not heard her express a wish to that end; still drawing a picture of Gomez, which he well knew how to colour to her eye. His person was of inferior consideration, and the last in the commendation of his friend; but he took great pains, with infinite caution, to particularize Gomez' talents and his extensive knowledge of polite literature, being persuaded that women of any sensibi-

lity could never resist the attraction of literary merit in the other sex; that nothing is more frequent than to see their principles give way to their understanding.* The portrait finished, Donna de Alcazar anxiously desired to see the original; and, her desires being frequently incited and not gratified, she grew as importunate as Arvesillo could have wished. In his conversation with Gomez, he accidentally alluded to his sister, by making quotations and references to her conversation and observation, which she had never made use of, that raised a wish in Gomez to meet her, though he never expressed so much, till Arvesillo said he

* The attainment of pleasure has been sometimes the motive that has stimulated men to enter into the path of literature. Mr. Helvetius, born with an impassioned inclination to the sex, on seeing Maupertuis, in a public garden, surrounded by ladies, determined to obtain a similar distinction, in order to turn it to a pleasurable profit, and wrote his *System on Physical Sensibility*. — T.

must

must carry him to her parties. Donna de Alcazar was as accomplished as she was handsome, and the habit of intrigue had familiarized her heart to deception and her mind to an unconscious immoral conduct. When Gomez was introduced, she was so far gratified; but piqued at his indifference. She admired him; and, being unaccustomed to restrain her wishes or check her passion, she gave loose to her imagination, and neglected nothing that might tend to inflame him. In several interviews, she neglected no allurement to indirectly intimate her wishes; but Gomez, who loved but Eleonora, had his heart closed to every other object, and had not the most distant idea of her intentions. She grew irritated at his coldness, and became acquainted with the cause of his neglect, his affection for Don Velasquez' daughter. Vanity was the principal mover of her conduct towards Alvarado's son, previous to this information, and she concluded that he was insensible

fenfible to the fex; but, having found the caufe, her fhame and jealousy were both roused, to complete her purpofe and fulfil her wifhes. She now loved him fincerely, and was refolved to accomplifh her end, whatever might be the forfeit. The means fhe left to time and neceffity to fhape.

In the mean time, Arvefillo had feen Eleonora, and had conceived for her the moft brutal paffion. He looked at her with an attention that did not fail of being obferved; and in fo improper a manner, that, whenever her eyes met his, fhe dropt her's, and was covered with confufion. This flattered his hopes, and he was fanguine enough in his expectations to think, that the firft opportunity would place her in his arms, while he meditated on a plan of changing the object of Gomez' affection. It had required no long penetration to read Donna de Alcazar's character, and her brother

her had made himself so well acquainted with it, that he knew every motive and cause of her actions, while he saw through the effect intended. He knew his sister to be one of those women *qui se sont fait un front qui ne rougit jamais*. He perpetually aimed at shewing all attention both to his sister and Gomez, in order to effect that purpose which he had long intended to put in practice. Arvesillo commonly saw Gomez every day: as he knew his generosity, he had no difficulty in taking advantage of it, by borrowing large sums of money of him. While he inveighed against the marriage-state, he constantly threw incitement to an affection for his sister. "I cannot help wondering at the absurdity of men," said he, "that they can ever think of attaching themselves to one, when they are formed to enjoy many; to form an attachment to a baby, a child, while many possess person and fortune sufficient to introduce them to the favours
 " of

as an adder draws a mortal venom from the secretion of the same plant that furnishes the bee with honey; at the same time that he left nothing undone to add fuel to the fire which consumed his sister's breast. Early in the morning of one of those show-days, in which the Spaniards exhibit their bull-feasts, Gomez received a note from Arvefillo, desiring to send him two hundred ducats, which he wanted to furnish for the expenses of the approaching feast, and at which he hoped to be honoured by his presence. Gomez concealed the money from the servant, desired him to present the packet to his master, and that he would himself carry an answer to him. He ordered his band to be ready at twelve at night. He dressed, and went to Arvefillo's, before the excessive heat of the day came on. He walked from one apartment into another, and at last thought he had found him lying on his bed. For fear of disturbing him, he walked slowly up to the
bed.

bed-side; but he was much astonished when he found that he had nearly clasped in his arms Donna de Alcazar, who had pretended sleep; and had, with that involuntary motion which accompanies a waking person, stretched out her arms; and, with that sigh which attends the motion, grasped him to her. "O Gomez, my brother desired me to apologize for his absence. I was almost asleep." Every luxurious and wanton motion of a Messalina here exposed her wishes. This was at least a trial to Gomez' virtue; but his affections were placed elsewhere, and his heart shrunk at the lascivious woman. She seized his hand, and pressed it between hers. The palms were moist, and her hot blood danced in her fingers over Gomez' hands; while a shortness of breath and the half-shut eyes proclaimed her desire. After a short pause, in which she devoured him with her eyes, she said, "My Gomez! " O would you were mine! — I am not
 " well:

“ well: support me, Gomez.” Gomez trembled through his whole frame, while he fell into a cold sweat; he was unable to speak a syllable, and remained motionless. Donna de Alcazar thought this to be merely the effect of his timidity struggling with passion, and that that was the moment to complete her conquest. Setting aside every idea of shame or delicacy, she drew him to her and covered him with caresses. But Gomez recovered from his agitation, made an apology for his situation, broke from her embrace, and left the room.

Donna de Alcazar was nearly lifted to madness, when she found herself not only disappointed, but despised. Her brother returned while she still remained a prey to disappointed love. He found her drowned in tears, with her face swelled and bursting with rage and shame. Arvesillo pressed her to speak, but she was for some time too much affected.

At

At last she asked him, why he took so much trouble to tear open those wounds, which she knew he could not cure. And thus, by speaking metaphorically, shewed that her feelings were feigned; while Arvesillo exclaimed, that, if it were his father that had wronged her, he would sheathe his dagger in his heart: at the same time drawing it from his bosom. She fell at his feet, embraced his knees, implored his assistance, and that Gomez' blood could alone wash her stain away, and expiate his crime. She then described the scene, in which she had acted so infamous a part, but told the most gross falsehood. Arvesillo then composed her agitated mind with the strongest assurances of being revenged before the morrow. He had another motive which stimulated his revenge. He had watched Velasquez' house in order to see Eleonora. He had not been disappointed. He followed her carriage to the church; and, being the feast of the Holy Virgin, the

mas lasted for three hours. The profligate Arvesillo attended, in order to contemplate the beautiful Eleonora. During the mas, he withdrew, and made a present to one of the servants, to tell the duenna of Donna Eleonora that a gentleman wished to speak to her. The servant delivered the message; and he spoke to the duenna of his love for her ward, who told him, it was fortunate he had not been long so; for, she believed that Eleonora de Velasquez was engaged. He offered her a purse, which was peremptorily refused. In every class of society, in every condition of life, there is a point of honour which peculiarly belongs to it.

Gomez passed the rest of the day in reflecting on his adventure with Donna de Alcazar. He could scarcely assure himself of the scene that he had been witness to. He compared the immoral conduct of Donna de Alcazar with the
 bashful

bashful modesty of Eleonora Velasquez. He compared the moments that he spent in the pavilion with Eleonora to those which he had passed in Arvesillo's apartment. Gomez was now apprized that his band attended him. He put on his cloak, and went out. The night was dark, and the whole city was in silence. They walk, and arrive at a small square, over which Eleonora's window looked. It was open, and there was a light in the room. Gomez placed the musicians at a little distance, and ordered them not to move till he should return. He alone approached the window. He thought he heard a voice. She was playing and accompanying herself to these Portuguese words, which he distinctly heard and retained:

*O remedio de meus males,
A Fileno so direi :
Se Fileno non ven ver me,
De saudades morarei.*

G 2

Ab,

*Ah, men ben, se te non vejo,
De saudades morerei.**

Gomez was delighted. Every note reached his heart; every pause was a double rapture. The soothing melody

* The following is the literal translation of the above lines. "Sole remedy of my sorrows! thus I will say to Fileno: — If Fileno does not come to me, I shall die with grief. Ah, my love! if I do not see you, I shall die with grief." — Some commentators read *Fulano*, which has an undetermined signification, and means *such an one*. Others think that it is derived from the Greek word *φιλειν*, *amare*, and means *sweet-heart*. There is no word that expresses the sensation that love produces so effectually as the word *saudad*, in the plural *saudades*. The inaction, the lassitude, the listlessness, that accompany that passion implied by the word can only be strongly felt by a Portuguese. Not one of the modern European languages have a synonyme equivalent to it. *Affanno*, *angoisse*, *pangst*, *sorrow*, *desafosiego*, are its synonyms, but do not convey that complicated meaning that is associated with the word *saudad*. We may perceive a variety which exists in national characters by their respective language: it is in strong passions that nature marks the characteristic features of mankind, which seem alike at the first sight, but, when approached, are widely different.

stole

le to him to whom it was directed. The sounds languished through the night's still ear, and Gomez' every nerve vibrated in unison. He stood motionless till it had finished. The sounds he still seemed to hear. He saw her shut the window, and was unable to utter a word. When the light disappeared, he returned the band, who played some sweet music: and Gomez occasionally sung and accompanied himself on his guitar.

In the midst of this concert, a body of villains attacked them with their swords and daggers. One of the band was mortally wounded, who had been mistaken for Gomez. He had scarce time to draw his sword before he received two or three blows, which he imagined he had received only in his cloak, but found, when the blood on his shirt soon after, that he had been slightly wounded. Gomez acted admirably, wounded one of the banditti, and kept the rest at bay, till he was assisted by the band, on whose ap-

open, and discovered a chain and a picture. "What's that, Gomez? A picture! and of another! this is complete." — "Angel! angel! look more kindly on me, and know your own image. Yes, my darling! it is Eleonora's counterfeit, which love taught me to portray. Look at it, my darling! it is your own shadow, which is more kind to me than Eleonora; for, this looks pleased, and seems to smile upon me, when she frowns on her devoted Gomez." — Eleonora looked forgiveness, and gave him her hand, which he covered with tears and kisses. "You are not wounded, Gomez?" — "What do you mean, Eleonora?" — I will tell you all, and forgive this my melancholy and dismal foreboding, and attribute it to my thought of you. I dreamt last night that we were in the pavilion together, when your friend, who had lurked in the orange and pomegranate trees,

“ trees, came, armed with a dagger,
 “ and struck and wounded you. I saw
 “ him, and I thought I saw you bleed,
 “ Gomez. O my heart!” — Her tears
 stopped her. “ My life’s darling! sup-
 “ press this emotion ; your Gomez is not
 “ hurt.” — “ I shrieked at the sight, and
 “ he prevented, or endeavoured to sup-
 “ press, my clamour. In this agitation
 “ I awoke, and remember to have found
 “ Maria at my bed-side, whom I had
 “ waked with my cries. As she thought
 “ I had been ill, she told me she had
 “ been much frightened, arranged my
 “ bed, which was quite disordered, and
 “ left me. I went to sleep again, and
 “ dreamt again that I was in a magnifi-
 “ cent palace, where many lovers, prostrated
 “ at my feet, offered me adoration and
 “ homage. Among them
 “ I distinctly saw Arvesillo,” (at the
 same, Gomez’ face turned pale,) “ who
 “ solicited, or rather demanded and in-
 “ sisted on, his wishes being accom-
 “ plished.

" plished. Exasperated at my coldness,
 " he came to me, told me not to be
 " alarmed, that he meant me no harm if
 " I made no resistance. I shrunk from
 " him; an inward loathing made me
 " hate him. Come, come, Eleonora!
 " said he, and yield those reluctant beau-
 " ties. O heavens! I shudder at the
 " recollection. I called on you. Go-
 " mez! Gomez! help your Eleonora!
 " Gomez no longer lives, he told me.
 " I then summoned all my strength, and
 " threw him from me with despair. I
 " then started from my sleep, and the
 " horror which attended it has pursued
 " me still. Have not I had cause for my
 " anxiety? O Gomez! if any thing
 " should happen to you, I feel that that
 " day would be my last." — " Calm
 " your spirits, my ever darling," and he
 " pressed her hand to his lips, " your
 " Gomez lives, and do not let your
 " reason nor your good sense be over-
 " come so, by your feelings or your
 " sensibility,

" sensibility, as to pay one moment's
 " attention to an idle dream. Believe
 " me! believe thy friend, thy Gomez!
 " make him the confident of every
 " action, of every thought, and thou
 " shalt never be unhappy but when thou
 " ceasest to love him." — Eleonora be-
 came calm. She smiled on Gomez, who
 was happy that she was so much re-
 lieved. " Dry those beauteous eyes,
 " my Eleonora! that are so bathed in
 " tears, and which beam with the mild-
 " est lustre: let me see their varied
 " sweetness." — Gomez, though not
 credulous, could not but be struck with
 the coincidence of her dream and Arve-
 fillo's conduct. He naturally and justly
 attributed it to his having spoken of
 Arvefillo to her, and that her affections
 and mind were employed about himself.
 Her imagination was confused, so as to
 paint her ideas distorted, which fixed
 them in her memory, and from her love
 became very distressing to her recollec-

tion. Add to this, some prejudices that Eleonora had contracted, and that superstition has always dealt much in dreams. Arvesillo's conduct was not now thoroughly known to Gomez, yet there was sufficient treachery to stamp the villain. He had resolved Gomez' ruin, less to avenge his sister than to have a better plea, stronger pretensions, to win Velasquez' daughter. The sums that he had borrowed of his friend were another motive, though a slight one, for his conduct.

Eleonora did not perceive the wound which Gomez had received, and her mind became tranquil and easy. Quite to themselves, they spent some hours together in the most endearing intercourse. They had neither party nor music to disturb them; their minds were too much impressed with the society of each other to have enjoyed either. Music at that moment would have been but noise, or
all

all harmony would have been confusion. Lulled with the phantom of hope of future felicity, this waking dream was not disturbed by any horrible imaginings of impending danger. They did not suspect that this interview was likely to have been the last, that it was the last time that they were to converse together, or, if not the last, they should meet to converse after Gomez had experienced all that fanaticism and superstition, armed with despotic power, could do to torture mankind.

Among Donna de Alcazar's admirers, there was one of the inquisition who had long in vain solicited her favours. Arvesillo concealed himself in his house, on the failure of his intended murder, and he had in his power the means of gratifying Donna de Alcazar's revenge more effectually than by swords and daggers, and which, by their duration, would add delight to it. The priest
was

was happy to see the brother of the woman he loved, rejoiced that it was in his power to oblige and protect him, and, on the exposition of Arvesillo's wishes, joined with his sister's, he could not hesitate to accuse Gomez of the most shocking infidelity. A few idle depositions of a murderer were sufficient to give a colour to the proceeding, which, to the feeling mind, is almost death; or, if ever liberated and acquitted, the character of the unhappy individual is hurt, which is more than life; and, in a superstitious country, his society and friends avoid him, his honour is stained, and his reputation blasted. Some French and English philosophical books were produced, that Gomez had lent Arvesillo, and these were sufficient to corroborate the deposition and strengthen the evidence. Orders were instantly given to seize him. Arvesillo, thus gratified, protested his gratitude, and offered his service in the strongest terms: he had soon

an opportunity of shewing it and becoming grateful, if gratitude can consist in rewarding service granted to crime, and in being pander to a sister's prostitution.

Gomez, tired by the fatigue of the preceding night, and worn by the uneasiness of Eleonora, had retired home, to give ease to his harassed mind. He had not been long in bed when four alguazils entered his apartments, and seized every thing they saw which they deemed would tend to convict him of the crime that he was accused. The noise of their search awoke Gomez: alas! he only opened his eyes to horror! to a mandate of the Spanish Inquisition! — A priest presented him the order, and he remained a moment senseless. When he had recovered, and perceived the alguazils in possession of his books and papers, he caught his picture in his hand, which he held out to the priest, and, with

with a look of hope and despair, said, "May I keep it?" The priest bowed, and Gomez, with the tears coursing down his cheeks, pressed it to his lips. It was then to be his only hope, his only support. Severed for ever from the original, from all that his soul prized, torn from her he loved, without one word, one look, one last, one eternal adieu, that picture, which he had so often looked at, the shadow of the blondine Eleonora, which he had so often spoke to and conversed with, when the morning woke him to delight in the contemplation of its beauties, was now to be his great, though his only, comfort, his only consolation, to settle his straw, and to keep alive his hopes. "I follow you," he said: arose, dressed himself, and was led to prison.

In these dungeons, belonging to ecclesiastical persecution, is accumulated all that the mind of man can invent to drive the unhappy victims to despair and ruin,

ruin, while the means of self-destruction are not in their power. Gomez was thrown into a cell, in which he could not stand upright, and, three days after, was brought before the tribunal of the inquisition. He was desired to make a confession of his crimes, but he answered, with the confidence of conscious innocence, that he was ignorant of having committed any. Some books were then shewn to him, and he was asked if he knew them. He said he did, and he believed that they once belonged to him. One of the inquisition then commented on this confession, and asked him if the reading of those books was not the most heinous of crimes. Gomez cast down his eyes, and made no reply. He had lent those books to Arvefillo, and he was a little surprised that his perfidy should have induced him to have given them to be evidence against him. The other heads of accusation were, not to have any communion-note, not to have

have knelt down at the procession, to have laughed during the reading of the Litany, and to have eaten meat on a fast-day. The prisoner answered, that he always respected religious ceremonies, that he did not remember not to have knelt down when other people did; if he had neglected to do so, it was from inadvertency, and hoped for pardon; nor did he recollect to have laughed with any bad intention. A little catechism was then given to him, and he was remanded to his cell.

The next day, he was visited by one of the priests, who held a long conversation with him, and desired him to learn by heart the six first prayers of his catechism. The priest waited on him every day, to hear his lesson. Gomez seemed perfectly attentive to his director's discourse, knowing that it was the only means of avoiding an infamous death; but he had been bred in too philosophical

philosophical a manner to be able to warp or bias his mind to the fanaticism of a bigot. He could only pretend to believe what he did not understand, as he neither could nor wished to suspend the faculties of his mind in judging, or his reason in rejecting, what was beyond his comprehension and his senses. Thus he opined, but was necessitated to dissemble by a pretence of belief and a counterfeited zeal in the observance of dogmas that would disgrace a savage. His behaviour was pleasing to the priest, and he was treated with less than usual rigour.

Don and Donna de Velasquez were informed that Gomez was detained in custody of the inquisition. They knew of their daughter's attachment, and they feared the consequence that the knowledge of his situation might make on her. All her inquiries at Donna de Floriza's were fruitless, and one fortnight's absence had

had so preyed on Eleonora, that she became dangerously ill. Every attempt that was made to drive the cherished object of her affection from her heart was vain. Love may be forgotten, but cannot be forced out of the mind. Her face bore the mark of the distress that was seated in her breast. She became weak and nervous. Her cheeks grew pale. She forced a smile, when the tear stood in her eye, to conceal the suffering of an aching heart. The forced silence of every one about her occasioned her to entertain the most dismal ideas. The forced taciturnity of her aunt, and her duenna Maria, was doubly cruel to her; but all, all, every one, seemed at length to have combined to distract her. At one moment she thought she could forget Alvarado's son, and that she abhorred and detested him; but the next she found it in vain, for, all her hate was love. At length she grew so emaciated, and the body bore the effect
of

of the mind in so great a degree, that she became incapable of sitting up, and kept her bed. Donna de Velasquez doated on her daughter, and cried over her with all maternal affection; (and a mother's heart feels much;) but, weak and superstitious, she attempted to drive the recollection of Gomez from her memory. She told her, at length, when all other means had failed, that Gomez was dead; and contradicted herself, or did away her first meaning, by adding, that he was lost to Eleonora, and dead to all the uses of the world; that the voice of reason must ultimately convince her of the necessity of checking her affections; Gomez had been detained by the holy inquisition, and her duty to God must teach her to forget him. "O my mother! I never can!" "You tear my heart when you talk thus. Kill me at once; but, thus to speak to me, it is not kind of you." "But these agonies will soon be at an end. Forget him! Oh no! I know
 " him

“ him virtuous ; and, come death when
 “ it will, with my dying voice I will make
 “ one last effort, and my last breath shall
 “ lisp my Gomez’ name.” — This was
 her situation, this her language, and these
 her resolutions.

Return we to our poor captive. —
 There was a court-yard belonging to the
 prison, in which those who were thought
 to merit indulgence were permitted to
 walk at stated hours of the day. This
 permission was granted to Gomez ; he
 found consolation in observing the care-
 lessness of some and the despondency of
 others, the despair of the many and the
 resignation of a few. The want of so-
 ciety, and the desire of having some
 one to whom he might unburthen his
 sorrow, made him seek an acquaintance.
 He was prepossessed in the favour of a
 young and handsome man, whose appear-
 ance and physiognomy indicated a mind
 elevated above the vulgar. Gomez told
 him

him he desired his acquaintance, and, in the frankness of his manner, in his open deportment and his conversation, soon convinced him that he was a man of sense. His appearance pleased him, and he knew nothing of his character to abate his esteem.

Our happiness is very little affected by our food : coarse brown bread and water were Gomez' allowance, but he enjoyed as much health as he had ever done. Gomez soon accommodated himself to what he thought had now become his permanent situation : he had exercise in the court-yard, conversation with one of the prisoners, and he saw the priest constantly, through whom he hoped to be relieved. His only hope was, when once liberated, to take his Eleonora to his breast, and live with her in a cottage. He had committed no crime to merit the treatment he had met with ; and, as his conscience was easy, his sufferings were light.

He

He sometimes wished for Eleonora: he related to the stranger the cause of his apprehension and detention, and his whole life: he was relieved by the narration, and found pleasure in having one whose ear was open to hear him, and whose bosom was ready to receive the falling tear.

One morning, as Gomez and his companion were in the yard, the stranger told him he was obliged to him for the account of his life, and that, if he had any curiosity, he would relate his own; which, as he had lived longer, was more chequered by misfortune. Gomez waited to hear it with impatience, and he began as follows.

I am a native of Auxerre, in Burgundy: my name is Tourville. The first years of my life were much neglected, being one of ten children, and my mother young enough to have had ten
more ;

more; when I left my father's house, as I remember. I was then twelve years old: I began very early to shift for myself; and, full of adventure, I set off for Paris. I arrived there without either money or friends, and no means of getting a livelihood but by my labour. I thought of going into the army; and, if ever I did enlist, my mind was made up to choose the cavalry in preference. I had seen a body of horse manoeuvring as I passed Joigny, and the summit of my wishes was to be among them. I solicited employment at the stables of a riding-house; and I thought if I could there get any principles of managing a horse it might forward my prospects hereafter. I was light and active, I was accepted, and I was soon installed; though all my ideas were employed about horses that I never mounted. At last I was admitted to exercise them, and taken into the service of a young man of fashion, the Marquis de Chatelet,

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who

who lived in the Rue Richelieu. I lived with him as jockey: my business in the morning was that of Mercury: when he rose, at about two, his maître d'hôtel brought his chocolate, his valet de chambre dressed him, and his secretary, a little abbé, wrote any notes under his dictate. There were usually billets d'amour to some charming women that I was commissioned to carry, and I was always handsomely paid for my trouble. My master then, after breakfast, fauntered on horseback along the Boulevards and on to the Bois de Boulogne, if not prevented by some friend or mistress. But his expenses exceeded his income, which he told me in so kind a manner, that he made my dismissal painful: he paid me handsomely, and gave me this watch: — shewing it him. I then went immediately to the Quai de la Ferraile, where I was enlisted by a dragoon of Lorraine. In going to join the regiment, quartered
in

in the south of France, I took the road to Burgundy, in order to see my father and my family : two of my sisters were placed in convents, one of my brothers had become a priest, and three others had gone in quest of their fortune. My father was in narrow circumstances, and I gave him all the money I had ; that, in all, was but a trifle. I parted with every thing to him, except my watch ; that I kept, and will ever keep, for my master's sake. But here an unfortunate affair prevented me from joining my regiment. A gentleman's son had paid his addresses to my eldest sister, and, under promise of marriage, had won her favours. This intercourse, which the world thinks an opprobrium, and which, as young, I then thought so, was attended, as it was deemed, with the worst consequence ; for, such is its narrow prejudice, such is the contradiction that exists between our natural dictates

ly, in the wildness
it a point of honour
in order to persuade
to his inclination,
ter and lead a life
him, and destroy
by his annihilation
his intention, I was
him that I felt as
of honour; that
my sister or meet
coolly, that I did
knew his resolution
positions he chose
at half a mile from
tary place, I remember
more adapted, I
deriuries. than to

assins, I again entreated him to change his mind, and look on me as a brother rather than an enemy. No; he told me his resolution was not to be shaken, that he would not go one step backward in the affair, but to put himself in guard: he did so accordingly. He fenced better than I, but I was animated by the goodness of my cause: our swords crossed each other twice; but I deceived his feints, and ran him through the body: — he fell dead on the spot. When I saw death in his face, I was a little uneasy; and, for fear of being rash, that my anger might not be directed against myself, I threw the swords into the river; and, instead of turning to town, I walked against the stream; and, having gained a forest, I certainly felt some melancholy sensations. However, the consciousness of having done my duty kept up my courage; and, having determined to walk on to Nevers,

I there again enlisted in the first troop of cavalry that I met with, and then went on to Lisle to join the regiment that was there in garrison. I had not been there two months before the uniform sameness of the life I led disgusted me. I deserted, and made my escape to Brussels, and thence to Holland. Without employment, without money, and without hope of either, I was again forced to enlist in a regiment of *cuirassiers*. From Holland I went with the regiment to Maastricht, and there I remained three years. In Holland and in Germany I learned both the Dutch and German languages; and, though the German service is harder than the French, I liked it better. We were then ordered from place to place, which rather suited my truant disposition, and, at last, to Holland again. My sister's waist was the cause of my quitting Burgundy, and the lovely contours of a Dutch girl was the reason of my leaving Holland;

Holland; for, I was one day playing with her on the Place d'Armes a few moments before the parade, and the quarter-master struck me with his cane. I turned round on the little despotic satellite, told him I was a French soldier, and not used to such treatment. He caned me again, and put me under an arrest. I governed my passion for the moment, though my resentment was excessive; and, when cool, I dissembled, I begged his pardon, and was set at liberty the next day. But, from that moment, I determined to desert, and an opportunity presented itself. The good Dutch girl had been sensible of the affront I received in her presence. She observed my anger, knew that I could not resent it, told me that she perceived I was unhappy, but that it was easy to effect my escape; she had a brother who was a fisherman, she would communicate her wishes to him, and was sure of his assistance when it would

oblige her. I was doubly indebted to her, for she planned my flight. She desired me to acquaint her of the first night that I should mount guard on any of the posts that looked towards the sea, and her brother would be ready with his boat to carry me off to some of the ships which were leaving the harbour at all hours of the night; she would come with a lantern, which should be the signal to her brother, who should bring some dress in his boat that I might exchange for my soldier's clothes; that I wanted but a string to let myself down from the fort, which she would dispose of after my escape. The honest ingenuity of the girl was lovely. Every thing was executed according to our design: she came with her lantern, her brother attended with his boat, in which he had a sailor's jacket and trowsers, which I exchanged for my soldier's coat. I gave my lovely Dutch girl my last parting kiss, in which

I expressed all my gratitude, dropped from my rope into the boat, and worked my passage in a vessel that was going to Hamburg. Landed there, I was again necessitated to enlist, and I entered the King of Prussia's service, and was tall enough to be placed in the regiment of Frederick's black dragoons, which I saw the Austrian troops fly from more than once. The king was then at war with the emperor. In an engagement, in which he commanded in person, and in which he failed in his attempt to break the Austrian lines, I was taken prisoner. Condemned to till the ground, and, having a poor allowance, I enlisted in an Hungarian regiment of cavalry; and, war having been declared with France, we were sent to the frontiers of Brisgaw, and I saw, with horror, the necessity I was reduced to of fighting against my country. All my comrades thought I was a German, and, knowing their hatred to the

H 5 French,

French, I let them remain in their error. Always in the field, I am ignorant how I became to discriminate among men; but I always despised the abject and mean character of the Hungarians from my soul. One day that I was detached on a foraging party, I stopt, with three of my companions, at the house of a poor French farmer. We alighted from our horses: my three comrades could not speak or understand a word of French. While bent on plunder, I desired the old man's keys, which I gave them, and held him in conversation till the Hungarians found wine, with which they seemed satisfied. I turned the key on them, told the man to save his life by flight, and that I was a Frenchman. He followed me. We mounted the horses, and led the other two to the French lines, that were a few miles distant. I sold my four horses for a hundred Louis d'ors; the old man thanked me for having preserved his life,

life, and left me to join his friends. People wondered at me, as they did not know the motive. I was afraid to expose the reasons of my going to them, being a deserter, and for fear that I should be recognized and condemned to the galleys; and this concealment, with the Louis d'ors, added greatly to my satisfaction. But the fear of being discovered still preyed upon my mind; and, my mind disposed for adventure, I resolved to go to Italy, and, with my money, procure myself some employment in any commercial line in which I could best dispose my little property; but, before I arrived on the frontiers, an accident happened that was as unfortunate as unforeseen. In crossing the Rhone, which separates *Beaucaire* from *Tarrafcon*, there was a lady in the boat, a beautiful woman, who noticed me with particular attention. On landing, I offered her my hand, which she accepted, held it longer than it was of use to her,

and, on quitting it, I fancied she pressed it, and parted with it with regret. I told her I had to regret my having seen her but for one moment and to lose her the next, and perhaps for ever. She hoped, she said, she should see me again, and she looked as if she hoped so. I saw her home, and was so pleased with the lovely Languedocian, that I resolved to remain for a few days at *Tarrascon*. I saw her the next day; and, the day after, I waited on her at her house, but my visit was attended with an awkward catastrophe. On leaving the house, I was accosted by one whose cloak indicated him to be an officer. He asked me whence I came, and I, in return, asked him what authority he had to ask me; and told him, from his tone, that his question merited no reply, nor would a lower one have received any. He knew how to avenge an insult, he said, and desired me to accept one of his pistols, if I was not
armed,

armed, and desired satisfaction. I understood no more, and we walked out of the town. We measured a few steps, and he fired, missed me, and I fired in the air. He was not satisfied: we fired again; and he then requested that we might set our backs to each other, jump round again, and fire each at the same moment: I agreed to the proposal, as he would have it so: we fired together, and he fell. I returned to the town, and took a chaise to Avignon; where I heard a report, that a lieutenant of the regiment of Burgundy, whose name was Tourville, had been shot at half a mile from *Tarascon*. I had been informed that one of my brothers served in the regiment of Burgundy, and I made no doubt but it was he that I had killed. I fell into the deepest melancholy, and swore never to return to a country where I had been twice an assassin. In order to dissipate my sorrow, I traversed all Provence and the Alps

Alps on foot. I went The bell called the prisoners to mass, and interrupted his narration.

Tourville was a young man. The history of his life was replete with so many successive events, as to give it an air of improbability; but Gomez was confident of his truth, and relied on every syllable. He concluded there was little choice, when we find ourselves in particular circumstances, to influence our actions; and the objects themselves are very different from the impression which they make on our internal and external senses. He pitied Tourville, without considering him a vicious man. He thought, if fortune had placed him in a situation which he seemed able to fill, he might have distinguished himself as one of the boldest geniuses of his country.

Such reflections helped to amuse him when he ceased to contemplate the beauties

ties of his Eleonora. He had often in vain entreated for the use of pen, ink, and paper, but necessity at length taught him to disappoint his tyrants. He converted a stick into a pen, he turned the smoak of his lamp into ink, and the walls and the floor were his paper. He was a good mathematician, and he passed the greatest part of the day in the solution of problems, and the intense application diverted his grief. He traced the characters of Eleonora's name continually, and then effaced them, merely to have the pleasure of writing them again.

His director saw him every day; and, as his attention seemed to increase, he attributed it to his own discourses. Gomez won him by his docility and submission, and the priest flattered him with the hopes of recovering the protection of the Virgin towards her son. When he had learned his catechism, he was again ordered before the tribunal: he
confessed,

confessed, in the most humiliating posture, all the crimes which his accusers and his judges were pleased to charge him with, begged pardon of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and all the saints in paradise; and was remanded to prison with the consolatory hope of not being lost to eternity if he persisted in that good disposition.

Don Alvarado, having now passed two months without receiving any letters from his son, grew uneasy, and wrote to some friends in Madrid to give him some intelligence of him. When he received information of his detention in the prison of the inquisition, he was so shocked, that it precipitated his dissolution. He had just married Antonietta to the Count de Salinas, and had written several pressing letters to Gomez to attend the nuptials. Worn and broken by age, vexed by reiterated disappointments, harassed by repeated losses, and wounded deeply
by

by this last news, and too feeble now to combat distress, he sunk under the accumulation of his misfortunes ; and, a few days after the ceremony was performed, he was found dead in his bed.

Antonietta had no comfort in her brother's absence ; every pleasure was embittered with the recollection of his detention ; and the first days of her union with the man she loved were clouded with the black and dismal reflection of his detention. She transmitted money to her brother, which was never delivered to him : it reached the hands of the priests, and there it remained, and never went farther. As concord does not always reign among the priesthood, he was an enemy to his brethren or brother who had denounced Gomez, while his esteem for him led him to detest Arvefillo's treachery ; and made him rise so high in his regard, that he had loved him, if a priest can love.

Six

Six months had now elapsed since he first began to languish in prison, when he was told to prepare himself to assist at an *Auto da Fe*. Death had been more welcome to him than such a ceremony; but, as he had no remorse, he never thought of attempting to destroy himself. While he was revolving in his mind the thoughts of the ceremony, he heard a noise of a voice, as if the struggling of a man whose throat had been pressed, followed by deep groans. Gomez started from the ground, raised his hands and eyes to heaven, and exclaimed, with the agony of a broken heart,

*Esto acontece y duerman los tirannos !**

He fell back on his straw, almost suffocated with his sensations. He could not sleep: he rose at the break of day, and exercised himself in his den, a place

* Such things happen, and tyrants sleep!

of six foot square, by turning to the right and left.

During the time the prisoners were permitted to stay in the yard, a permission granted to them all at different times, in order to inhale the fresh air and to correct the badness of the air of their cells, which would otherwise have produced the most fatal diseases, Gomez saw Tourville, whom he had not met with for some time. There was a visible alteration in his features. Tourville told him that he was near being murdered by the monsters last night: he said he had no doubt that, in the celebration of the Auto da Fe, his tyrants had devoted him as a victim to their inhuman institutions, if he left it in their power to torture him. "As this may be the last time that I shall ever see you, Don de Alvarado," at the same time presenting him his hand, "I will finish the narration of the chief events of
" my

I was not sure that it will
“ when I am no more.
“ narration where I left it
“ was among the Alps.”

I traversed the mountain
and arrived at last at Turin
met with an old acquaintance
former-soldier, who had served
with me in the same regiment
knew me immediately and
pleasure, and said that he
means of being of use to
proving that he was not a coward
had saved his life in a battle
the Austrians. He said he
happy to shew his recollections

and had married the only daughter of a rich jeweller, who, shortly after the marriage, died, and left her heiress to a large fortune and considerable property; that he had settled at Genoa, and had come on business to Turin. His business was then concluded, and he said he intended to leave Turin in a day, invited me to accompany him, and I accepted the invitation without hesitation, and, with as much frankness as it was made to me, told him my intention of disposing of my money in some business. He said he would do every thing in his power to forward my schemes; and, in short, he at last, from his friendship and gratitude, gave me a small share in his own business; and, with the use of his house and table, I felt myself extremely happy and well. I was regular and assiduous in the business, and endeavoured, by my attention to my duty, to prove to my benefactor that his gratitude was neither lost nor misplaced. I lived about eighteen months

months in Genoa, with the utmost satisfaction, when, one day, a lady came into the shop, with her maid, to purchase some jewels. I was amazingly smitten with her appearance, which did not pass unnoticed by her. My particularity at last confused her: I was sorry for her embarrassment, which increased my own: I then offered to wait on her with the jewels, which she said would be better. She wrote her address with a good deal of agitation. I was ordered to wait on her the next morning, which I longed for with a restless impatience; and, before the morning, I was convinced that I was desperately in love with her. I flattered myself that she had some susceptibility: the morning came, and I waited on her. I saw her; she could not then determine. I went again by her desire at two, and she finished to enchant me. She was not very handsome, but there was something in her face, her person, and her manner, that pleased me more than

than any symmetry and proportions of shape and feature that could better stand the test and examination of reason. I then waited on her frequently, and she came occasionally to the shop, till I found that she was not married, and I made some declarations of my affection. I met with the lot of a man who has an affection, and is strongly bent on his purpose, and was happy. She had been taken, as she herself told me, from a convent in France; by a Mr. du Pin, whose name she went by, and she related the chief circumstances of her elopement. Her affections, which were partly eradicated previous to my acquaintance with her, by the neglectful manner in which she was treated, and the debauched life that Du Pin led, whose whole time was spent in hunting and gaming, were now entirely lost to him, and transplanted to me. She grieved at her situation, and condemned her sense and reason for being a dupe to her susceptibility. I proposed to her to
carry

carry her to Spain, and she consented. My friend and master, the jeweller, had a correspondence with Madrid, and I proposed to him to establish a shop in our joint names in that city. He seconded my wishes, and hoped I should find encouragement in a country, the idleness of whose inhabitants had become proverbial. I imparted my design of carrying a woman with me, which was the only part of my plan that my friend disapproved. We were too well known in Genoa to expose ourselves to be ruined by intriguing with any of the captains of the ships which were in the harbour. There was a Dutch vessel at *Sarona*, bound for *Barcelona*: I agreed with the captain to carry myself and my wife and baggage. I told my design to Mrs. du Pin, and informed her that every thing was ready for our intended escape, that she had only to wrap herself in her *mezzaro*, and I would wait out of the gates with two good mules. She arrived at the

the place appointed, and we went on-board and set sail. If ever there was a moment of my life which it should be in my power to recall, it should be the moment that we left the port of Savona.* The white houses, the beautiful gardens, and the shining steeples, reverberating the rays of the sun, the beautiful hills of the Riviera disappearing from my ravished eyes, which ran alternately from them to my adored Julia. The regret that I felt on leaving Genoa was counterbalanced by having a woman I loved and the hope of future fortune ; all conspired to make me feel so much contentment and such tranquil pleasure that I never

* There is, in the original, a description much in the style of Cervantes. — *Llevando a vista le Hermosa ribiera de Genova Una de adornados jardines, blancas casas y celumbrantes chapitales que heridos de los rayos del sol, reverberan con tan encendidos rayos, que apenas dexan mirarse. Todas estas cosas que desde la nave se miravan pudieran causar contento, como lo causavan a todos los que en la nave yvan.*

before experienced. We soon lost the lovely scene, and the tranquillity that I enjoyed was turned into gaiety. While the wind whistled and the canvass rattled, I turned ease into rapture, with Julia in my arms. I asked her what part of France she came from. She told me she was a native of Auxerre, in Burgundy, and that her name was Tourville, (Gomez turned pale at the name, though not possessed of very great delicacy of nerves.) I was so thunderstruck, that, for a moment, I lost my reason. When I recovered, I fell into a most violent perspiration, and found Julia in tears. She questioned me on my emotion, and I was convinced, from her inquiry, that she was ignorant of the cause. I told her that I should have been happy, if I had lived in Burgundy, to have carried her from the convent: I told her any thing, to keep her ignorant, as she was guiltless. I arose and walked on the deck, with a strong desire to throw myself into
the

he sea. I walked backwards and forwards, but my coward heart wanted resolution. The gloomy horror of the night suited my disposition. The assassin of a brother! a sister's* husband! I shuddered with

* The late Mr. Walpole, now Lord Orford, has founded a play on a story of much more complicated interest. He had heard, when very young, that a gentlewoman, under uncommon agony of mind, had waited on Archbishop Tillotson, and besought his counsel. A damsel that served her had many years before acquainted her that she was importuned by the gentlewoman's son to grant him a private meeting; the mother ordered the maiden to make the assignation, when she said she would discover herself, and reprimand him for his criminal passion; but, being hurried away by a much more criminal passion herself, she kept the assignation without discovering herself. The fruit of this horrid artifice was a daughter, whom the gentlewoman caused to be educated very privately in the country; but, proving very lovely, and being accidentally met by her father-brother, who never had the slightest suspicion of the truth, he had fallen in love with, and actually married, her. The wretched guilty mother, learning what had happened, and distracted with the consequence of her crime, had now

with horror and was shocked at myself: yet, forgive the confession, my affections were not in the least abated; and, when my mind grew more calm, I thought they had increased. I went down to Julia's cabin, apologized to her for my behaviour, found no reason to be displeased with her for being twice united to me, once by nature and a second time by social contract, though not ratified by an idle ceremony. Since the death of my brother, I had taken the name of *Krieg*, which is the German word for war; and, indeed, happily enough adapted; for, I am too frequently at war with myself, and very commonly at war with the world. I kept my birth a secret from Julia: she believed, and still believes, me a Prussian from Berlin. Arrived at

resorted to the archbishop to know in what manner she should act. The prelate charged her never to let her son and daughter know what had passed, as they were innocent of any criminal intention: for herself, he bade her almost despair.

Barcelona,

Barcelona, without feeling the inconveniences of the voyage, I forwarded a letter to my correspondent, to announce my landing, and we set off for Madrid, where we arrived in almost fifteen days. My friend's correspondent had prepared an apartment for me at his own house, one of the first in that city. I had now every prospect of making a fortune. I was never fond of money, but the wish to make my Julia as happy as wealth could make her, gave me uncommon vigour and activity in my business. Julia was the first to tell me she preferred to live with me as a friend rather than a wife. She said she hated an institution that promised and declared peace and contentment, a contract whose engagement was seldom fulfilled, and which was never dissolved, though the terms had never been complied with; and which ought to be instantly null and void when affection ceased, and the contracting parties set at liberty: a ceremony of a mo-

ment, that is thought binding on individuals whose sole motive of action is no other than an established rule of duty, who are animated with no other principle, who possess no delicate regard, who have no sentiment in common, who live only suitable to the relation that subsists between them, and whose behaviour is motivated by compulsion. This was Julia's language; I loved her more. She was shortly after delivered of a boy, and was with child a second time, but an accident occasioned her miscarriage. We were walking as usual, in the evening, in the *Prado*, when she dropped from my arm in a fainting-fit. I was assisted by a gentleman, who seemed particularly attentive to place her in a coach and to bring her home. When we arrived, I thanked the gentleman for his assistance, and he asked me how I became acquainted with that woman. I deemed the question as ridiculous as impertinent, and I told him so. He told me I had lived at Genoa; I acknowledged

knowledged I had; that his name was Du Pin, and that he was a gentleman, and felt as a man of honour; that I must fight him. I told him my courage was sufficiently confirmed, and that I had given over that business, that I meant no offence to a man I had never seen, that Julia, as not married, was at liberty to dispose of herself as she pleased, that I bore no animosity to him, and that he would be loath to destroy a mother and her child by shooting me. He told me his reason got the better of the false idea of honour, that, if I would permit him, he would rather entreat my friendship than my enmity. Julia had now recovered: he went to her, and told her that he was my friend, desired her to be composed, and that he would do every thing to make her and me happy. She swooned again on seeing him, and he withdrew. She told me, after that, she had heard what he had said. The consequence of her fainting was likely to have endangered

her life ; but she recovered, with proper treatment. Du Pin was related to the first families in France ; and, though he had all the vanity, all the levity, and the intriguing spirit, of his nation, he was a sensible and a feeling man. A man of pleasure and a libertine, he never felt the loss of Julia ; but, when he missed her, he thought himself insulted, his vanity was piqued, and he made inquiries after her merely to gratify it. He wrote to Paris, and, receiving no intelligence of her there, his want of success created a fancied necessity of pursuing her, and stimulated him to farther inquiry. The reason of his being at Madrid was a change in his affection ; and the object he had followed there. We were shortly acquainted, and his open manners pleased me extremely. He dined with me frequently, and became Julia's cicisbeo, but in a very limited sense ; for, no one could supplant me in her heart. Thus I was again possessed of Julia, when I was like-
ly

ly to have lost her for ever. My happiness was of short duration. There were two Poles with whom I frequently dealt. They travelled constantly between Madrid and Lisbon, and brought me jewels, but particularly diamonds, which they sold to me at an inferior value. They came to my house one evening, and told me they were ruined and undone unless I would take pity of them and conceal them; that they had been plundered of all their property by the priests of the inquisition. Their distress excited my compassion, and I determined to keep them in my house. I had heard of religious duties, but it was the first time that I saw them disturb the order of civil society. When we were at table the next day, Du Pin with us, no less than ten alguazils came in, preceded by a priest, who held a cross in his hand, and ordered his men, in the name of God, to do their duty. The two Poles were immediately seized, and one of the ruffians laid his

hand on me, and, in my indignation, I felled him to the ground. I was then seized by five or six of them, and by my Julia among the rest, who clasped me in her arms, while her tears and shrieks proclaimed her distress. We were torn from each other, and I entreated Du Pin to take care of her and my son. Brought the next day before the infernal tribunal, I was told that my two companions had confessed that they were Jews, and I was asked if I was. I told them, no; that I was a jeweller, had transacted business with those men that were taken in my house, and was ignorant of any guilty conduct with which they had been charged. One said that I was a Jew, another an atheist, and a third an impostor. — “Are you a Lutheran?” “No.” — “A Calvinist?” “No.” — “An Anabaptist?” “No.” — “A Catholic?” “No.” — “What are you then?” “I am a man!” — “There are no tortures exquisite enough to expiate his crimes!” exclaimed an old grey-beard.

grey-beard. I was then whipped, and the day after brought again before the tribunal; but I was unable to make any reply to their questions. I was desired to imitate my companions, who were in a fine way of conversion, and a book was put into my hands, which I have never opened. I never saw my companions after, but their fate I was informed of: one of them had hung himself with a rope that he made of his own hair, and the other, having no other means, had beat his brains out against the wall of his dungeon. The groans you heard last night were probably mine. In the dead of the night, four religious and privileged assassins came to my cell, and jabbered repentance, resignation, and conversion. I told them I was resigned, and one of them then presented me with pen, ink, and paper, and told me there was no doubt but God would forgive me if I would sign over to his holy church all the property that I possessed in this vale

of tears. It was sufficient that I should be alone unhappy, I would not bring misery on Julia and my child. They had made themselves masters of all they saw in the room in which I was seized; but the bulk of the little fortune I had made was in my partner's fund, and they were exasperated not to be able to get possession of it under the specious mask of religious uses. I told them that I would die before I made any assignment; and, in order to prove my resolution, they threw me on my back, trampled on me, and placed their feet on my throat, when one interceded, and ventured to conjecture to his brethren that I would listen to reason, and not expose myself to so much necessary persuasion. A pen was then forced into my hand, and I had a moment's respite, and one of them began to dictate the formula of my assignment: I had my arm sufficiently at liberty to run the pen in his eye, and I told them I would die first. I was again
put

put to the same torture. They then prepared to go; and, leaving me on the ground, they added, that they hoped I should recover my senses, and mend my opinion. They crossed themselves, and left me. They purpose another visit, but they will find themselves disappointed: it would ill become a soldier who has fought the battles of Frederic at his side, or followed or led him to victory, to grace the triumphal procession of an *Auto da Fe*: I should make a bad figure among these mild apostles of religion. No, Frederic! Krieg shall never die unworthy of a soldier. I will mangle this body, or sluice my veins with my teeth, to exonerate me from this load of life, this burthen some existence. Farewell! — Tourville left Gomez with dignified composure. His words were not spoken with vanity; but his heart was full, and he was too nobly formed to longer suffer persecution. He was found, the next morning, weltering in his blood: he had
procured.

procured a piece of a plate, with which he had opened an artery, and had bled to death. The name of Julia was written in several places, in bloody characters, on the walls of his dungeon.

Tourville was endued with infinite sensibility; fine feelings and a high sense of honour were the distinguished marks in his character. He was obligated to fight his brother, and chance directed his ball. To say that he was in the wrong would be absurd; though it would be well if duelling could be prevented by the legislature; yet, till morals are mended, it is ridiculous to apply particular reasoning to the cases of individuals, when the laws of Society create a stronger obligation, and free men into action to the destruction of each other. When he first was acquainted with Julia, who went by the name of Mrs. Du Pin, was he guilty of any criminal intention? The same delicacy of passion that was the cause of his

his affection would have been the reason for his shrinking with horror from an union that is looked upon (and with justice) with disgust by rational beings. His continued conduct and his death are left to the judgement of the reader.

The death of Tourville augmented the melancholy of Gomez. Every object struck him with horror; he lost his appetite and his rest; he began to despair; and resolved to follow him. He recalled his father, Antonietta, and Eleonora, to his mind, and called on them, telling them, that death was preferable to a life of persecution.

He was still visited by his priest, who noted his despondency, and consoled him with the hope of a speedy release. Gomez thought that he had observed some attention beyond his character and his employment, and, after his meditated intention, had presented him with the
frame

frame of Eleonora's picture and the chain which suspended it to his neck. The gift was a trifle; though, as it was all he had to give, it was generous; and it operated so strongly on the mind of the priest, that he never ceased in his attention to serve him. He comforted him with the hope of enlargement, and told him that he was confident of being able to set him at liberty. At this last word, Gomez felt a ray of hope dart through his soul: it banished despair, and averted his design. He is but little conversant with human nature who thinks that man is a being of consistency; he, as changeable as the wind, is the sport of circumstance and the slave of passion.

Gomez, formed of a lively sensibility, was subject successively to its flattering agitation and its wearisome despondency. When the priest first broke the subject of his enfranchisement, he suppressed

suppressed his emotions; but, on his departure, gave way to all the blissful transports that the dear hope inspired. The moment after, hope ceased to smile, and the scene was changed, he was forsaken and hopeless; he was abandoned, and he despaired. Gomez indulged himself in the most pleasing ideas, and placed all his confidence in his director; and, on seeing his Eleonora, he should forget all his suffering. He kissed her image, and pressed it to his lips and to his heart.

A few days after, the *Auto da Fe* was published. All the penitents were carried ignominiously through the streets of Madrid, dressed in long white gowns, attended by priests and soldiers, with all the forms of a procession. They were ignorant whether they were to be burned or not; but one of the Infants had succeeded to the throne, on the death of his father, and all the unfortunate prisoners, as usual, had received pardon on his

his accession, with this condition, that they were to be exiled for life. Gomez trembled on hearing the sentence read by the high-priest. Condemned to pass his life far from his father and sister, and banished from his Eleonora, appeared to him a sentence a thousand times more cruel than the transient pangs of death. Gomez had so much disgrace impressed on his mind, by being detained by the inquisition, that prevented him from informing his friends of his liberty. The Countess de Salinas, his sister, had written constantly to her relations and friends, who, from fear, shame, and superstition, took no pains to make themselves acquainted with his situation, farther than to know of his detention or to forward his remittances. They were sometimes confided to the priests, but there they stopped. The prisoners were provided with clothes, and a small subscription was made, and distributed among them, that amounted to about three ducats. He changed

changed his mind and wrote two letters, one to his sister, and the other to Eleonora, but this last was intercepted. He then received his passport, went to Ferrol, and embarked on-board a vessel that was bound for Ireland. When he saw the coast of Spain disappearing from his eyes, he heaved a sigh and dropped a tear, for being severed from his Eleonora. He pitied his wretched country, but did not regret to quit it.

Gomez passed the three or four first days on-board the ship without speaking to any one. He was entirely absorbed in his own thoughts. An English gentleman, a passenger, had noted his distress in his looks. This gentleman had made the tour of Europe; not shut up in a post-chaise, and stopping occasionally in some city, where, to learn the character of the people, he had listened to the prejudices of his countrymen, and divided his time between women and the gaming-

gaming-table : he had travelled with the express purpose of reading men and manners, and to improve in both by example. Wilkes was the gentleman's name. He spoke almost all the European languages, and saluted Gomez in French, in order not to be understood by the sailors, who were Portuguese. He told him he desired his pardon for addressing him, but he seemed dejected ; that, if he would accept of his assistance, he hoped he should be able to be of use to him ; or, if he rejected it, he desired to be acquainted with him. Gomez thanked him with his usual elegance of manner, and told him, that no one could bring relief to an unhappy exile. They entered into conversation, which was a temporary relief to the unfortunate Gomez. Wilkes discovered parts and reading, and they were soon intimate ; and this intimacy was increased by a want of society. Gomez made him acquainted with his misfortunes, which claimed his protection

protection and attachment, and he immediately pressed him to go with him to Dublin.

They were near the channel which divides Great Britain from Low Brittany, when a violent storm arose.

The Portuguese sailors, the most superstitious people in the world, left their duty, and abandoned the working of the ship almost wholly to the passengers. They fell on their knees, and with outstretched hands called on God and all the saints of paradise to their assistance. But, on the information being circulated among them that they had on-board a man who had been lately dismissed by the holy inquisition, they immediately attributed the storm to God's vengeance against their impiety, in carrying a heretic, who had been seduced by the devil, from the bosom of his holy church. As the storm continued, this idea was the more strongly

strongly impressed on their minds; and the next day they resolved to commit him to the waves with all due and devotional piety. They had already seized him, when Mr. Wilkes ran to his assistance; and, with a pistol at the heads of the two that held him, told them, with the risk of his life, that he would blow out their brains if they did not let him go. Cowardice, cruelty, and superstition, are commonly combined. They released Gomez, and Mr. Wilkes changed his tone into the language of reason and persuasion, but all in vain: though their intention was prevented, yet their resolution was only suspended. They avowed publicly, that, if the storm continued till the next day, they would throw him into the sea. The storm lasted the whole night, nor had it abated in the morning, and Gomez was to be sacrificed to their monstrous credulity. Wilkes, despairing of again saving his friend, took another expedient: he looked with his glass, and discovered

a sail, and procured signals of distress to be made. The sail approached, and Wilkes told them, that if they seemed to think that God had intended their safety by the destruction of that heretic, and that as the vessel in sight bore the English colours, that it would be more meritorious to consign this heretic to his brethren, the damned with the damned, and that they should perish all together. They were delighted with this argument, which was spoken with such fluency, and so much in their own manner, as to make them believe that he was a native. They redoubled their attention to the signals. The vessel sent out a boat; and, being paid by Wilkes, they took Gomez on-board. The only word that he could say was *land*, which he repeated to their questions, and they landed him on the coast of Scotland.

Gomez wandered a day or two, and was led to conjecture that he was on a desert

desert island. At last he discovered some furze that had been cut, and laid in small heaps. This gave him some hope of finding inhabitants less cruel than the Portuguese sailors, and less bigotted than his countrymen. He at length discovered some smoke, which served him for a guide till he reached the hovel whence it proceeded. He with difficulty discovered an entrance, at which he knocked for some time, but without effect; the wind whistled over the heath, and carried away the sound with it. His voice was heard at last, and an old man opened the door, and civilly pressed his entrance. He seated him at a small turf-fire, and brought him some spirits. Gomez made a sign that he wanted to eat, and shewed him a dollar. He placed some brown bread, some dried fish, and some cold vegetables. He eat like a man nearly starved. The old man could not make himself understood, nor understand any thing but from signs; and, his wish to go
to

to rest being signified, he prepared his own bed for him; which, though scarcely better than the straw of the inquisition, with his liberty, was preferable to the gorgeous canopy of an Asiatic prince. His sleep was long and uninterrupted.

The old man before his rise left his cot, and walked on to the neighbouring village, where he gave an account of the stranger to the pastor, who understood French, and spoke it but imperfectly. He returned with Malcolm, and learned the story of his imprisonment and his subsequent adventures, which interested him in his favour. He sent him some provisions on his return, paid him a visit the next day, and told him that he was a poor man, but his means would provide him with better lodging and living than under the roof of the poor man, with whom he then was. Gomez accepted his offer; and, having presented a dollar to the old man, which

he refused, he accompanied Mr. Knox to his house.

It is observable, that there is more hospitality among people, who are seldom in the habits of mixing with foreigners, than in places where they are accustomed to see them; for, what is seen often is seen without attention and with indifference; and what is seen with indifference blunts the feelings and indurates the heart to the sufferings of human nature.

The parson's house was built on the banks of a fine loch in a very romantic situation. The prospects around were very diversified and extremely picturesque, and so different from what he had been accustomed to, that the novelty afforded delight and surprise. The whole face of nature was changed; and, observing the influence that climate had on all her productions, he was led to wish,

wish, that his feelings and the faculties of his mind would change entirely with his corporeal sensations. He was then led to think of his Eleonora, and was persuaded that her impression would endure till death.

Mr. Knox had a niece, a young woman, who lived in the same house with him, about eighteen years old. She possessed the usual amiable simplicity and easy manners of her country-women. She read her prayer-book, and knitted the whole day. Gomez was an excellent draftsman, and taught her the principles of drawing. He ornamented Mr. Knox's rooms with several very highly-finished pieces of the wild scenery about his house. He desired his permission to read French with his niece; and, between drawing and reading, her whole morning was employed with Gomez. He gave her such plain and easy principles, that she soon became an excellent copyist;

but, leading a life excluded from the society of the world, her imagination was cold, and her ideas few. She wanted genius, which he attempted to supply by his assiduity and attention. These created esteem, which was soon fanned into an affection. The softness of his voice, the elegance of his manners, and the symmetry of his person, formed too striking a contrast with the boors that she had been accustomed to, that could not fail of being observed by a more indifferent person. But Gomez, by his attachment to Eleonora, was indifferent to every other object. All his civility and attention proceeded from a sense of gratitude,

When the hours of business were over, he retired to his room, or walked among the rocks on the sea-shore, or scrambled along the mountains; for, a long want of peace had wrought his soul to an enjoyment of the wildest scenes of nature,
and

and horrors were not displeasing. Solitude, not society, was his object. He did all he could to seem to enjoy it; but, in opposition to all his efforts, his usual melancholy prevailed, and he seemed lost in meditation. The niece always observed him when absorbed in thought, and always rallied him on his slumbers in company; but, from her own remarks, she grew interested in his looks; and, when his brow looked despair, Margaret grew uneasy; and, when a faint smile illumined his face, her's carried looks of sun-shine. Her affection grew into a passion, which seriously affected her health, and she avowed her love for the Spaniard to her uncle with the freedom and frankness peculiar to the Scotch character.

Mr. Knox, acquainted with the cause of her illness, informed Gomez with the cause; and told him, if he had any attachment to his niece, he had no objec-

tion to her being united to him. He answered, that he would be happy to lay down his life in his service, if death could shew his gratitude; but, when he had learned that he was attached to another, to whom he was devoted by every tie of affection and honor, he should lose his good opinion of him, if he thought him capable of uniting himself to his niece, when another had received his vows, to whom he had sworn to dedicate his days. He then opened his breast, and discovered Eleonora's picture, which he had suspended from his neck with a plat of his own hair; and added, that this was the only circumstance of his life that he had concealed from him, as he thought it unworthy his attention. He assured him, too, that he had never endeavoured to gain her love; that the whole time that he had spent with her was in business. Mr. Knox assured him that he had before every opinion of his integrity and honour, and he was only
 raised

raised higher in his esteem by this last declaration. He entreated him to see his niece, and to behave to her with attention, in order to establish her health; which Gomez promised to do. Margaret was confined to her bed-chamber; and Gomez, with Mr. Knox's permission, was admitted frequently. Don Alvarado was obliged to dissipate his gloom, and assume an hilarity from the necessity of the occasion, which was interpreted to a different motive by the niece. He spent some hours with her every day in conversation, which was impeded by their reciprocal difficulties, and in reading to her. This diverted and amused her mind, and raised her from that state of despondency which she was in. She grew better every day, and in a short time was perfectly recovered, but her affection had increased. Mr. Knox was obliged to go to Edinburgh on business, and Gomez found himself alone in the same house with his niece, not without

a great deal of concern. He thought to leave Mr. Knox as soon as the establishment of her health would permit him, and now he was convinced, that the only thing to be done to prevent a relapse was his precipitate flight. Some circumstances occurred daily to strengthen him in his resolution. He made a declaration of his intention, with the reasons that compelled him to leave his house, in a letter to Mr. Knox. The letter reached Edinburgh at the moment that he was preparing for his return. He told him his reasons were so well founded, that he acknowledged the necessity, though with regret. He wrote several letters of recommendation to his friends in Edinburgh; and, on the day of his departure, he insisted on making him a trifling present. Gomez remained but a few weeks at Edinburgh; and, finding neither employment nor protection, he resolved to go to London. He wrote another letter to Mr. Knox, declaratory of his intention,

tion, replete with the strongest effusions of obligation and gratitude to his patron and benefactor; and, after having again received a few introductory letters, departed for the capital.

Eleonora received no intelligence of Gomez. Her life was one continued scene of despair and hope. Sometimes she cherished wishes which at another moment her reason condemned. Thus, between hope and fear, the soft desires played around her heart, and she seemed to waste slowly with the consuming flame. Her cheeks became pale, and her eyes, which were wont to dance with the sweetest lustre, now became sunk, and seemed fixed, gazing in air; but in which was pictured the image of him she loved. She would look at the object as if it were real, and not merely in the mind's eye, till her tears would make her sensible of her *réverie*.

Donna de Velasquez, seeing no hopes of a change of her situation, wished to avert her passion from Gomez to the church. Her conversation was filled with instances of virgins who had retired from the world into religious solitude, to devote themselves to God, to expiate their errors, and gain eternal salvation. Maria waited on Eleonora with all the affection and tenderness of a mother, for she loved her as if she had been her daughter, and was frightened at the idea of devoting her to the Stygian gloom of a cloister. Though she knew how deeply her affection was seated in her breast, yet she hoped, from the levity of youth, that time and circumstances would so operate as to give a change to her feelings.

Arvesillo had not been disconcerted from his plan of seduction, though he had met with a repulse at his outset.

Gomez

Gomez banished, he had now no fear of a rival. Arvefillo had an interesting figure: he was determined to gain the duenna in his cause, and flattered himself that that would be the means of success. He went to church in order to have an opportunity of speaking to Maria; and, after some attentions, he insinuated himself into her good opinion, blamed Gomez' conduct, but censured him as a friend, while he lamented, with infinite concern, the punishment that had followed him. Arvefillo, from his attention, gained her acceptance of his presents. The duenna endeavoured to persuade her ward to forget the cause of all her misfortunes, told her that many would be proud of her alliance, and that she knew a nobleman who would be happy to be only permitted to see her. Eleonora, with more than usual warmth and dignity, told her never to talk to her on that subject under pain of her displeasure.

sure. She had attested heaven to an inviolable attachment, and was determined to live but for Gomez.

Arvefillo, thus baffled in all his hopes, determined, at all events, to see Eleonora, throw himself at her feet, and declare his passion. He exposed his intention to Maria, and obtained information of her usual hours of walking in the grounds about her house, and obtained admission. When he approached Eleonora, she was immediately seized with a sensation of horror. She was taught by instinct to recoil from him; and, when he began to protest his passion, she immediately ordered him to leave her, that the very means of his presence were an affront to her; and, on his still persisting to talk to her of love, she hastened her step, and walked to the house, and observed to Maria that he should rather speak of murder.

Thus

was disappointed, he had sense enough to perceive that his suit was persecution, and he desisted.

An old rich marquis had seen Eleonora, her aunt's Donna de Floriza, and was amazingly pleased with her. He was acquainted with the character of her father, and knew that his wealth would not be an objection to him, with him. He solicited Donna de Floriza's assistance to assist him with her niece's hand. She approved of his attention, and sincerely hoped that a marriage might take place for the reinstatement of her health; and wished that suitors might awaken her attention; and the mind, thus called into action, would be roused from the languid state in which it was plunged. It was at this juncture that she received Gomez's letter, which he had confided to her care, when he was dismissed an exile. She knew the hand, and under what circumstances he had written. She deemed



THE
HISTORY
OF
THE
CITY
OF
NEW
YORK
FROM
1609
TO
1898
BY
JOHN
B. HOGAN
AND
JAMES
M. SMITH
NEW
YORK
1898

ther, told her mother, that she begged she would return every expression of thanks for his kind intentions, while she remembered her of her faith. being engaged to Alvarado's son. That, if not fortunate enough to see him again, she was fixed in her resolution never to receive or hear the love-language of another: and did not attribute to herself any merit in doing so, for, such were the feelings of the heart that her reason could not control. On her first refusal, her father was exasperated; and, on a second, Eleonora proposed to retire to a convent, and to live secluded from the world, and not obligated to the painful necessity of thwarting the wishes of her parents. She was soon after placed in the nunnery of St. Francis.

The solitude of the convent was grateful to her. There was no noise to interrupt her thoughts, which were fixed on one only object; no thought of dress
to

to prepare her for society; for society which she disliked; no social dues to pay; no compulsory visits to make, nor time lost in receiving them; but, alone and retired from the world, she enjoyed her melancholy unmolested. The holy calm, diffused in this gloomy monastery, restored the mind nearly to its usual tranquillity, and assisted convalescence.

Eleonora spent three months in her retirement without making or desiring to make any acquaintance. This nunnery was appropriated to the reception of only noblemen's daughters, who readily found means to be permitted to leave it, on the application of their friends who placed them there, if they had not taken the veil; a ceremony which irrevocably obliges them to a life of celibacy.

The apartments that were appropriated to Eleonora commanded a view of
the

the grounds, where, among a row of stately trees, she had noticed a lady, who regularly walked there every day at a stated hour, and always alone. She had continued this custom for some months. One evening at vespers, the same lady fainted very near Eleonora, who was alert in her attention to restore her to herself, and from that circumstance they became acquainted. She had all the remains of great beauty, though her countenance was marked with sorrow. She attended her with great care, and inquired after her the next day. The sister-nun thanked her for her trouble with a most sweet and winning manner. They were soon intimate; their misfortunes united them.

They relieved each other by a narration of their lives, which reciprocal communication alleviated their respective distresses. Eleonora related the whole course of her affection, and the tender, the

the feeling, Angelica had still a tear for another's grief. To endeavour to console her, she told her, she knew by experience to be in vain; as every situation in life is positively miserable, according to the construction put on it by the feelings of the sufferer. All that philosophy and education can do, and does effect, is to diminish a delicacy of passion, to gain a calm and easy mind by not repining, as always any situation is comparatively good. Tranquillity and enjoyment are the causes of happiness. Without tranquillity there can be no enjoyment; and where there exists tranquillity, there is scarcely any thing that is not capable of amusing. This tranquil state of mind is sometimes altogether lost; but it is seldom so wholly lost as not to be regained, which is obtained with ease or with difficulty, in proportion to the time that the object has laboured under the disease of a delicacy of passion, that the feelings have been refined by taste, or
the

the mind has been cultivated by education. She told her, when she had heard her misfortunes she would no longer think herself the most unhappy of women.

“ I was born at Toledo. My mother’s name is Torres. I was stained with infamy before my birth ; and was one of those who are obliged to mourn the fault of others. I am the daughter of Angelica de Torres, by the arch-bishop of Toledo. The clergy, by being obliged to lead a life of celibacy, are necessitated to conceal those passions which all men are born with. And, as man is man before he is a priest,* we should not wonder

* As the love of honour survives the loss of honour, remorse is the last sigh which is heard from the bosom of dying virtue, and too frequently instigates a cruel and horrid revenge in consequence of outraged innocence. The mother is tempted for one slight, one pardonable

“ wonder to find him like all mankind;
 “ though a contrary conduct to the re-
 “ ceived institutions of the laws of so-
 “ ciety has an immoral tendency. The
 “ first years of my life were marked
 “ with no particular circumstances that
 “ merit attention. I performed the u-
 “ sual scholastic exercises, and was taught
 “ drawing, dancing, and music. At the
 “ age of fourteen I was quite a woman,
 “ with a susceptible heart, and all our
 “ natural weaknesses; endued with little

pardonable frailty, to conceal her shame from the
 censuring eye of the world; is hurried on to the com-
 mission of a greater vice, by sacrificing, to human
 opinion and to the laws of society, the innocent off-
 spring of human weakness. Enlightened humanity
 ought to walk majestically at the head of all human
 laws, of all human institutions; and it should be the
 first object of all legislation to prevent the disorder by
 some wise regulation, and prevent a criminal shame
 from destroying the effect of its imprudence. If the
 maid lose her innocence, let not the state lose the citi-
 zen. Open an asylum under the shades of night for
 her timidity, and let the certainty of impene-
 trable secrecy guide her trembling steps.

“ reason

“ reason to control passion, and having
 “ but a mother to enforce virtues and
 “ restrain me from vice; her precepts
 “ were enforced by examples of error,
 “ which I believe she drew from herself;
 “ but, though I much loved her, it was
 “ impossible that her instructions could
 “ bear conviction without the aid of
 “ experience. It was in vain to tell
 “ me that men made false propositions,
 “ that they were full of deceit; I listen-
 “ ed, believed her, and loved notwith-
 “ standing. Among many that paid me
 “ attention, it was impossible not to dis-
 “ tinguish, and one I preferred. I at
 “ first attributed my innocent affection
 “ to the qualities of his mind, but the
 “ illusion vanished. I believe it ought
 “ to be attributed to his person rather
 “ than to mental acquirements, though
 “ he was an accomplished man. It
 “ would be in vain, dear Eleonora, to
 “ run through all the usual preamble
 “ attendant on the situation of two lo-
 “ vers.

“ vers. Suffice it to say, he swore e-
 “ ternal truth and constancy, and gave
 “ me his faith to be united to me by the
 “ most sacred ties, if there were any
 “ more sacred than those of the heart.
 “ We prostrated ourselves at a crucifix,
 “ and were married. His visits conti-
 “ nued six months without being sus-
 “ pected by any one, not even by my
 “ duenna. A ladder admitted him to
 “ my chamber. I became pregnant;
 “ but the sweet sensations of the thoughts
 “ of being a mother were embittered
 “ by the shame which attends the publi-
 “ city of a situation like mine. My
 “ health was not altered; and I was
 “ obliged to keep up my usual hilarity
 before my mother, which indeed was
 but little changed, but with the thought
 “ of the discovery; for, love made very
 “ light of the sweet charge that it had
 “ deposited in my heart. My mother,
 “ who loved to see me dance, was
 “ pained at my refusal, made at a ball
 “ soon

“ soon after my pregnancy. I feigned
“ indisposition; but was entreated to use
“ a little exercise, and to dance a fan-
“ dango. I felt the necessity of being
“ compelled to refuse my mother much
“ more than she did, but my situation
“ justified my perseverance in denial.
“ I was much hurt at her displeasure,
“ and was frightened to think of my
“ confession, that I could now no longer
“ defer. When we had returned home,
“ she made some tender remark on my
“ refusal; and, after having made some
“ questions that I answered, and others
“ at which I hesitated, she entreated me
“ to make her my friend rather than my
“ mother; and asked me, if she was
“ no more worthy of confidence. This
“ quite melted me; I took her hand,
“ threw myself round her neck, and
“ my tears prevented my utterance.
“ When I had recovered, I told her
“ every thing. The pain that my con-
“ fession gave her wounded me most
“ seriously,

“ seriously, and I was for some moments
 “ in a state of distraction. She forbore
 “ to reproach me, or to say one word in
 “ censure of my conduct. But, when I
 “ recovered, I remember these few
 “ words that I shall ever retain: ‘Un-
 “ happy, unfortunate, girl! you at least
 “ have this consolation, that you have a
 “ mother equally miserable with yourself.’
 “ From that moment, I think I never
 “ after noticed a smile on her face. She
 “ loved me so much, that she soon for-
 “ gave the man to whom I had devoted
 “ myself; but entreated me, for parti-
 “ cular reasons, not to make the world
 “ acquainted with my connection; as
 “ her fortune and existence depended on
 “ my secrecy. She did not then make
 “ me acquainted with the cause of this
 “ injunction, but I will explain to you
 “ her reasons at a proper time. I con-
 “ tinued to see my dear Alfojar only at
 “ night. When any obstacle prevented
 “ his coming, I pined with grief, and
 “ drooped

“ drooped like a flower which is de-
 “ prived of the favours of the dew.*
 “ But, when he appeared, I soon forgot all
 “ my cares in his fond embrace. A
 “ short time after the discovery, my
 “ mother declared that she had received
 “ an order from my father to marry me
 “ to a young gentleman, the natural son
 “ of a nobleman; and that it was his
 “ intention that we should set out for
 “ America, where a small estate would
 “ be purchased, with every convenience
 “ and necessary of life. This proposi-
 “ tion was thought advantageous. My
 “ mother knew me too well not to be
 “ thoroughly persuaded of my refusal
 “ to such a proposition; and indeed she
 “ told me she could not press my accept-
 “ ance of it. My situation would not
 “ immediately permit a departure, and
 “ my feelings were totally averse to it.

* The idea is beautiful in the original. The word
Alsejar means dew; it is an Arabic word.

“ Was it possible to act so abandoned a part? Could I disguise my feelings, or counteract nature?” — An old nun drew near the bench whereon they were seated. Angelica stopped; and, when she came up to them, she said, “ Dear children, have you not heard the bell? Prayers have now begun.” The ladies hurried to the chapel.

Gomez had arrived in London by water. As he sailed along the Thames, the variety of buildings and cultivation indicated a population much beyond what he had reason to expect. On his arrival, the store-houses, manufactories, markets, and particularly the cleanliness and regularity of the latter, struck him with astonishment. The luxuries of the world seemed to be exposed in the shops, and a wise government operated on commerce and every branch of industry. His recommendations were of no use to him: he was received with coldness,

coldness, and his natural delicacy prevented him from frequently repeating his visits. Without friends or protection, neither his knowledge of mathematics or music could gain a subsistence. He cheapened some drawings, and offered some of his own for sale, which were bought at a liberal price. He spent a longer time on some, and finished them highly, and, from necessity, stooped to offer them for sale at different shops, to make the most money. Thus he purchased the necessaries of life; and, in a short time, procured some scholars. Between the hours of teaching, he was constantly employed in taking different views in the environs of London, for which he always received a handsome price; and he had frequently the pleasure of seeing engravings from his landscapes. He took lodgings on the Thames, a few miles from town, in order to enliven his designs with variety. Water-pieces, or views on the side of the Thames, ei-

ther separately or combined, or the wild scenery of Scotland, were his constant subjects.

He procured orders of free admission to the opera, where, with the first performers in the world, both serious and comic, he was surprised to find something deficient, in comparison with the Italian. To what cause to attribute the deficiency, he was at a loss to imagine.

Gomez was particularly pleased with the manner in which Sunday was passed by the lower orders of people. The multitude of people that bodied forth from the capital to the suburbs, to the variety of tea-drinking houses, their innocent relaxation, and moral manners, in comparison with the amusements and conduct of other nations, were traits of character as novel as they were amiable.

He

He had frequently written to Spain, but received no answers to his letters. He attributed his father's silence, being ignorant of his death, to his displeasure; for the infamy with which he had stained his honour, by being the innocent victim of the Spanish inquisition. A thousand wretched sensations preyed upon his mind, which were scarcely baffled by his necessary labours.

Gomez, when he had waited on his scholars, was constantly obliged to go into the city for drawing-paper and other necessary implements; and, on those days, he dined in some of the taverns mostly frequented by foreigners. Here he entered into conversation with one of his countrymen; the first person that he had spoken to in a coffee-room since his arrival. The conversation continued; and, as Mr. Moles had lately arrived from Spain, they contracted an acquaintance.

“ I was not made acquainted with this
“ infamous conduct, till the necessity
“ of her remaining at home created
“ my observations, and a slight mark
“ of disapprobation that I made was
“ the reason that prompted my mother
“ to make me acquainted with the cause.
“ I then walked constantly with my sister,
“ and he ceased his attempts for
“ about two months. I should tell you
“ my sister behaved with exemplary modesty
“ and innocence. His pursuits
“ then again commenced: his letter was
“ given to me: I waited on him with
“ it, and desired to know if he avowed
“ the writing. He said he could not
“ deny the hand. I then forbid him,
“ at his peril, to write another letter
“ to my sister. She received no more
“ letters, and we conjectured that he had
“ relinquished his pursuit, till, one evening,
“ we had all gone out; my mother and younger sister to the play,
“ and myself on an invitation; but, re-
“ turning

“ turning home sooner than usual, I
 “ heard my sister’s voice. I hurried
 “ to the apartment, and found Arve-
 “ fillo in a situation that left me no
 “ reason to doubt his design; my sis-
 “ ter almost lifeless. I killed him, and
 “ fled to a friend’s, where I concealed
 “ myself till the condemnation had en-
 “ sued and the search had stopped. I
 “ am since informed, that Arvefillo had
 “ imparted his design to some one whom
 “ he had appointed to meet him; but,
 “ the appointment not being kept, and
 “ having made inquiries at his house, he
 “ had received no account of him. He
 “ gave information to the Santa Her-
 “ mandad, who searched the house,
 “ found the body, and, my flight be-
 “ ing presumptive evidence of the mur-
 “ der, my effigy was executed by the
 “ high tribunal. When no farther in-
 “ quiries were made, I disguised myself
 “ completely, and my friend purchased
 “ the passport of a French sailor, in
 L 5 “ whose

“ whose dress I embarked for Bourdeaux,
“ and from there I came to England.”

Gomez commiserated the unhappy end of Arvesillo; and, as he perceived that Moles was rather unhappy, he told him his own adventures, by which means he diverted his attention from the reflection of his peculiar distress, and incited him to rise superior to his bad fortune.

Moles introduced his friend to a Spanish merchant, whose name was Gonfalso de la Cueva, who had left Barcelona to establish himself in England. He had resided in London about twenty years, and had established a reputable house in the city. He had married an Englishwoman, by whom he had two children; two daughters, who united the modest manners and sound judgment, the characteristic of their country, with a warm and lively imagination,

tion, the character of the Spanish nation. Moles was intimate in Gonfalso's family, and Gomez soon made himself beloved there. The ladies played, and Moles accompanied them. Gomez, who was a proficient, was soon initiated in their musical parties. Three nights, at least, of every week, were spent in the same manner during the winter. The spring returned, but not as it appears on the rich plains of Andalusia, but veiled in watery clouds, which were occasionally gilt by the solar beams. Month after month elapsed, without Gomez receiving intelligence of his father, or his sister, or his Eleonora, though he counted their flight by shorter periods, which accumulated his sorrow.

Mr. Gonfalso had a house in the Isle of Wight,* most beautifully situated in
that

* The original contains a geographical and romantic description of the Isle of Wight, which we have omitted,

that enchanting spot, and to which he always retired in the month of June. He took so much interest in the welfare of his young and new acquaintance, that he wrote to Madrid and Cadiz to obtain information of Gomez' family, previous to his departure. When he left town, he had received no answers to his letters. In the latter end of June, he went to his *villa*, and carried Moles with him. Gomez received pressing invitations to join them, as soon as his engagements in London would leave him at liberty. These were not cold, but cordial; and, after having received repeated letters of invitation, he obeyed, and joined them in August. He was delighted with the island: as a painter, he had acquired a particular optic for small niceties, which pass unnoticed by the common observer.

ted, as our readers must be tired of pastoral beauties and landscape-descriptions, with which all modern novels abound.

The

The grass had a peculiar verdure; the trees had a different hue to what he had been accustomed to see in other parts of England. These observations were peculiar to Gomez; but, as true beauty is admired by the man of sensibility and is lost on the vulgar, so peculiarities, in either art or nature, cannot be perceived by a man of gross intellect, whose feelings have not been improved by education, whose ideas are blunt, and whose heart is indurated: while they never fail to strike the man of refinement and those who are not of the vulgar stamp. The beauty of the prospects that opened to his view, their variety and their novelty, the solitude of the place, the harmony of nature, carried a silent joy to his heart, which alone suited his soul's sadness. Every thing around him conspired to tranquillize his mind, to calm his thoughts, and steep his ideas in repose. These days were some of the most serene and quiet which
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THE JEWEL AND ELEONORA.

He was engaged in the course of his life. He wished, it seemed to live far from the world, in a competence to live in retirement, far from the corruption of dissipated cities and the scandalous vices of society, removed from superstition, interest, and ambition, to contemplate a future the beauties of nature and the first efforts of human art; to view the sun, as it rose, skirting the ocean, and its influence at mid-day, bestriking the expanse of the horizon, devoid of every trouble, and, in the evening, as it departed, to feel a calm at the approach of night, which can alone be truly tasted by him who has been driven amidst the shoals of adversity, and has weathered the storms of life. He thought he could forget his persecution, carried against him in the name of all that is most sacred; yet to live far from his family and his Eleonora was truly bitter to him: even his persecution was not painful when associated with the idea

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of her, whose memory endeared even the grief of all his misfortunes. He imagined, that, with Eleonora, a cabin would afford content; and, with the idea, he kept alive his hopes, and the state of expectancy contributed to his health.

Shortly after his arrival, Mr. Gonfalvo received letters from Spain and intelligence of Gomez' family. His correspondent had intimated to the Countess de Salinas that her brother was in England, and she had remitted him a draught to the amount of five hundred pounds, to be immediately forwarded to him. Gomez, after shedding tears, and thanking Mr. Gonfalvo for his attention, was delighted to hear that his sister lived, and that she was married. His mind was now relieved from a part of its oppression. He asked for his father, but Mr. Gonfalvo avoided his question, by saying that his correspondent either did not mention him or that he was well; and

and added, that, as his letter was mixed with business, he would shew it to him the next day: When he read the account of his father's death, he felt it deeply: as a man of feeling, Gomez would have been afflicted with the news of the death of an acquaintance; but his sensibility was much greater at the death of his fond parent, and his tears flowed from filial affection.

Moles, whose time was wholly unemployed, excepting in the society of Gonfalvo's daughters, had fallen in love with the eldest. When the mind of a young person is unoccupied with an affection or passion for a particular object, it is not difficult to engage its attention and notice; and this is more easily attained when the heart has received no impression. It was not to be wondered that Moles easily gained an interest in Miss Gonfalvo's affections. Moles was not handsome, but he possessed a peculiar softness

softness of manners, an insinuating ease, and an easy delivery of his opinions : — like Ulysses,

“ Non formosus erat, sed erat facundus Ulysses,

“ Et tamen æquoreas, arsit amore decas.”

After a short time, it was obvious to every body that they loved each other with an equal affection. Mr. Gonfalso, as a sensible man, was not displeased with his daughter's choice, as he was convinced, by his own experience, that a man of capacity is far preferable to a man of fortune. His education, he assured himself, would teach him not to be above entering into a mercantile line of life, as he shewed no pride to control his natural disposition, when he sought an alliance with a merchant's family.

The natural joy which Gomez felt, on receiving news from his sister, overbalanced the grief that he felt at his father's

ther's death. His sorrow had been more poignant had he been made acquainted with the cause of his dissolution, had he been informed that the infamous prosecution that attended himself had hurried his father to the grave.

Several days were passed with more than usual festivity and pleasure. Every one seemed to participate in Gomez' joy, and to contract a gaiety from the unusual hilarity of his countenance. When a few days had passed, and this burst of amusement had subsided, he meditated his return to Spain. He deliberately went through all the difficulties in his own mind; the risk of a discovery, and a sure and certain death, the consequence of it; yet his hopes preponderated, and, when he had resolved, he determined to ask Mr. Gonfalso's opinion and advice. He, at the first mention of the subject, attempted to dissuade him from his intention, urged the probability of a discovery,

covery, inquisitorial tyranny, perpetual imprisonment, or the forfeiture of life. These different subjects were severally spoken of with all their attendant horrors, but the thought of again seeing Eleonora buoyed up his hopes, and they floated over seas of danger and impracticability.

Gomez told Gonsalvo that the particular motive that induced him to be desirous of returning was, his property being sequestered; his whole fortune, which had fallen into the hands of his sister, and to which he had no claim whatever. To this Gonsalvo answered, that correspondence would effect as much as his personal appearance, without any danger; but he replied, that one interview would operate more to his interest. When all reasoning proved ineffectual, Gonsalvo assisted him as a friend; he was not irritated by his perseverance.

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His first design was, to trust an Italian sailor, and to let him see but another method of success was suggested by Mr. Gonfalon. A young man of the name of Balthazar, whom he brought with him from Barcelona, just died. He had no relations but a poor mother, whose existence depended on the small annuity which was transmitted to her by Mr. Gonfalon, advised Gomez to take Balthazar's papers, impose on the old woman, act at Cadiz in the capacity of his son. The length of time that Balthazar had been absent had obliterated every recollection of his person, and made the scheme more practicable. He employed Mr. Gonfalon when he imparted the plan to him, and, after having received full power to act for him in his capacity, with credential letters for the king and receiving payments in different parts of Spain, he took leave

his scholars, and prepared for his departure.

Previous to his leaving England, Moles married Sophia, Gonfalso's eldest daughter. The nuptials were celebrated in the Spanish fashion. The ceremony conveyed ideas of awe, from its solemnity. Gomez fell into a rêverie, from his habitual absence, and Eleonora presented herself so strongly to his imagination, that, when he recovered his presence of mind, he was chagrined to have indulged the enchanting delusion. But the certainty of shortly seeing her, and of obtaining her hand, soon quieted his mind: he paid his compliments to his friend Moles.

At length the long-looked-for, the much-wished-for, day arrived. Our bold adventurer received the embraces and blessings of his amiable and kind friends at his departure; and, after twenty-eight long-

long days of tedious navigation, he arrived at Cadiz.

Similar circumstances and similar sensations can alone teach mankind to sympathize in another's misfortune or prosperity. A thousand various and conflicting ideas hurried on his nerves, but the air of Andalusia, and the fond hope of being united to his Eleonora, lighted his face with a smile of joy and dissipated his brow, which was knitted with care. He visited the merchant immediately, who had made inquiries, and transmitted his information of his friends to Mr. Gonfalso. Gomez did not discover himself to him: he had, from experience, found the necessity of reserve, but transacted business in the quality of a clerk. Informed of his sister's residence, he determined to go there incognito, for fear of a discovery among the attendants. As he passed Castel Vejo he longed to stop there, at the seat of
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his infancy, and which recalled so many endearing scenes to his memory; but his father was no more, and his sister had left it: and he sighed and passed on. The next day he arrived at his brother's country-seat.

The Count of Salinas and Gomez were not yet acquainted; but the count, from his connection with his sister, was entirely disposed to assist him in his distress, and loved his wife more for her singular and sisterly affection. Antonietta could not resist the transports of joy when she recognized the stranger to be her brother. She remained speechless in his arms for some moments; and, when she had recovered her voice, she could only ask him if he was really Gomez, her brother; and these questions did not imply doubts and distrust, but were the language of the heart. After these transports were over, the countess sent for her children, and Gomez

mez was assured that the affectionate and kind sister made a tender mother: they were links in one chain.

The fear of being discovered obliged him to mention his intention of leaving his sister the next day; but his sister urged him to stay, and the count assured him that he was as much concealed as if he were in London, but should be more so; and he yielded to their entreaties. He remained a fortnight with them, passed in the sweetest manner, and would have stayed longer, but he longed to set off for Madrid to look for the idol of his heart.

The stronger passions only increase by absence, or other obstacles which they may meet with, while those that are weak soon abate and sink under the smallest pressure. There is more constancy than fidelity among lovers; for, they are seldom so wholly impassioned,
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or love with such strength of mind, as to have the object of their affection constantly before them; that presides over their sensations and restrains them when exposed, and renders the heart and the senses equally inaccessible to every species of seduction.

Previous to his departure, his brother assured him that he did not intend to take any advantage of his misfortunes; that what he would have inherited, but for his persecution, he should still enjoy; and, though residence was denied him, he should still enjoy his revenue. Thus the good man proved the inefficiency of laws not founded in justice, and which were treated with contempt and violated with impunity.

The count presented Gomez with several bonds of value, which generosity he treated with the confidence of a noble and a grateful mind. He declined

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their acceptance, but desired two or three hundred ducats for the expence of his travelling ; then bid adieu to his melancholy sister, and set out for Madrid.

Arrived in the beautiful champaign country of Castilla, his emotions surpassed credibility ; his expectations increased, while time and distance seemed doubled to his fancy. The air seemed to him more pure, and the country wore an appearance of cheerfulness: though he had seen it before, and it was not altered, yet every object inspired new sensations. He forgot that he had ever been unhappy, or that there was an inquisition. When the city was in sight, he had but one thought, but one idea, and that was of his Eleonora. Instead of shuddering at the recollection of injustice, at the idea of death attendant on discovery, his pulse quickened with the fond hope of holding her to his heart. He passed *Las Delicias*, and the pavilion in which he had
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first declared his passion to her that was the object of it. Six years had since elapsed, but he had not forgotten it. He suppressed his emotions at the sight, and alighted at an obscure hotel.

Don Alvarado made no inquiries for some days; but he went to the church, walked by Velasquez' house, and ran over and over again every spot that Eleonora had frequented. In the neighbourhood of Velasquez' house there was a coffee-house, where he hoped to obtain some information of the neighbours, either by accident or inquiry. He ingratiated himself with the mistress, and went there two or three times in the day. He lowered his manners, and assimilated them to hers; and, by the frequency of his visits, she treated him with peculiar attention, though with familiarity. She loved play, and Gomez indulged her passion, while he gratified the object of it, by losing his money. She was a lively

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woman, a Milanese by birth, and had a good faculty of retaining anecdotes and lives of her neighbours.

Gomez indulged her scandal, and flattered her on her narrations. He occasionally questioned her about different families; and one day asked her who lived in a large old house, in the corner of the street, that leads from the *Plaza Major* to her house. She told him immediately that it was Don Velasquez de Castro, the greatest miser in Madrid; whose wife was now among the saints, whom in her life she loved more than her husband, and whose daughter had preferred a convent to a husband. Gomez was thoughtful for a moment, and turned the conversation on the different religious orders. He expatiated on the cruelty and superstition of immuring children in convents, which he said was next to burying them alive; and then carelessly asked in what convent the miser had

had placed his daughter. She answered him, without suspicion, in the convent of St. Francis of Salles. He was now delighted with the information; and, after having doubled his stakes, lost his money, and asked a few indifferent questions, he went home, devising means of seeing his darling; laying schemes for her escape, and planning their execution, sometimes with hope and sometimes in despair.

Gomez went the next day to hear mass at the convent, and imagined that he once heard her voice, but soon attributed it to his fancy; and found that all means of seeing her were prevented while access was impossible. He left the convent with regret, but not wholly discouraged. He wished to be a priest, to have the permission of visiting her, but not the celibacy of the profession. He visited the convent every day, and passed the rest of the day either in walking
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kissed fervently all the sisters, who, like him, were supposed to be dead to the world; as if a ceremony could expiate nature, and reach redemption. As she passed the grave, near which Gomer stood, he had a slight glimpse of her face, which he saw thoroughly when she fainted one of the nuns, and in it he read the features of the dejected, the melancholy Eleonora. . . . He remained motionless, with his eyes fixed and his breath suspended. Eleonora could not fail of perceiving him; and she fainted in the arms of those who attended her. The spectators were much affected, and attributed her illness to compulsion. The curtain was drawn, and the ceremony closed.

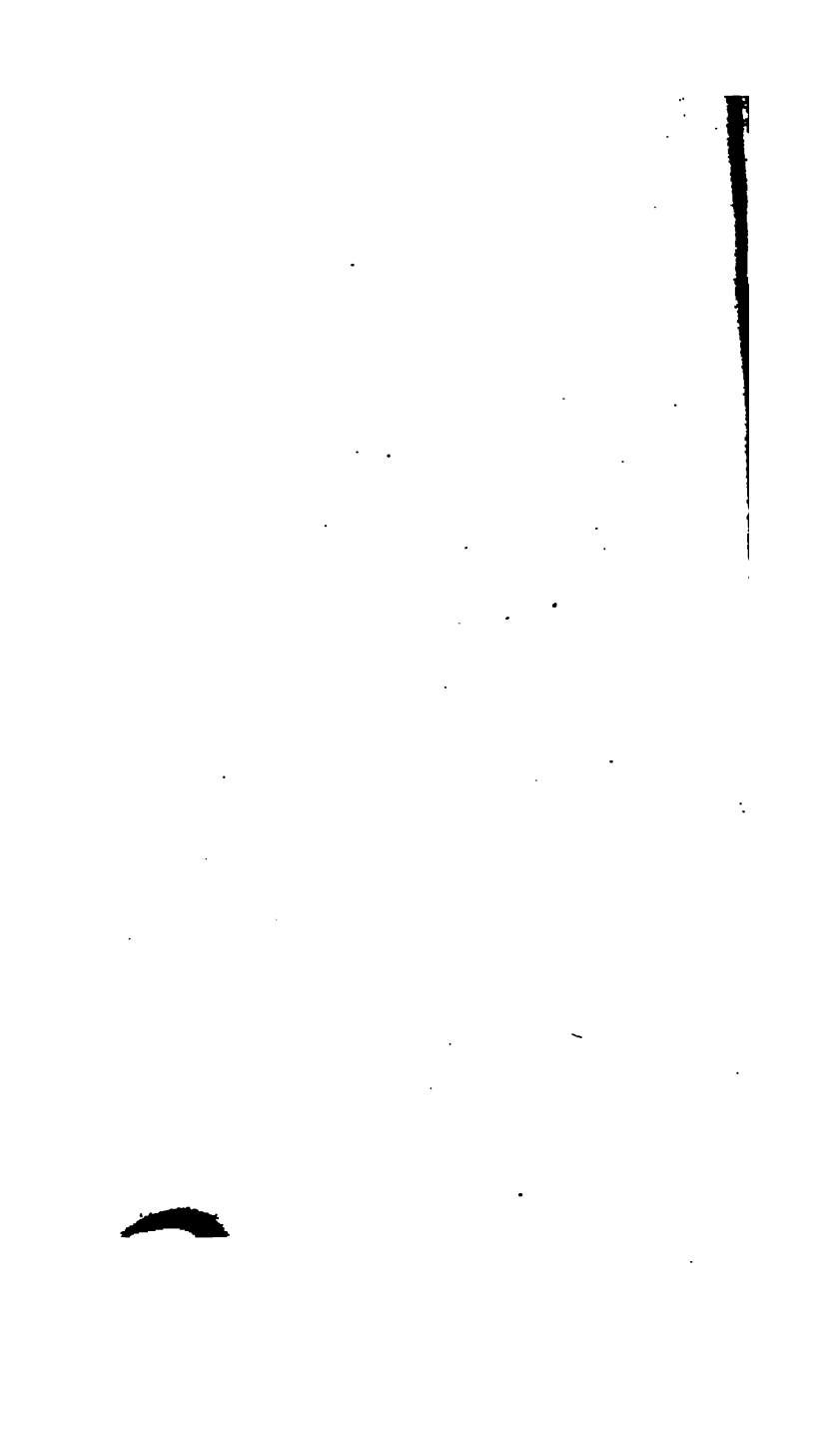
knelt themselves on each side of the cloth where the ceremony was to be performed. A long and dull anthem was then sung, and accompanied with monotonous music, as intended to inspire a contempt of death by its lugubre intonation. It had occasional pauses, which increased the solemnity. These intervals created reverential awe, and a patient and watchful attention. When the anthem was finished, the young lady who was to take the veil advanced slowly, dressed in white, attended by her sister-nuns. She was then spoiled of a part of her dress, stretched on the ground like a corpse, and covered with a shroud, while the choir performed funereal music. Gomez was worn with attention and impatience. He noticed all the nuns as they entered with particular attention, but not one met his wishes or gratified his expectation. The covering was lifted from the prostrate nun, and her forehead bound with a black veil. She arose, and
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kissed feverally all the sisters, who, like her, were supposed to be dead to the world; as if a ceremony could expel nature, and teach resignation. As she passed the grate, near which Gomez stood, he had a slight glimpse of her face, which he saw thoroughly when she saluted one of the nuns, and in it he read the features of the dejected, the melancholy Eleonora. . . . He remained motionless, with his eyes fixed and his breath suspended. Eleonora could not fail of perceiving him; and she fainted in the arms of those who attended her. The spectators were much affected, and attributed her illness to compulsion. The curtain was drawn, and the ceremony closed.

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